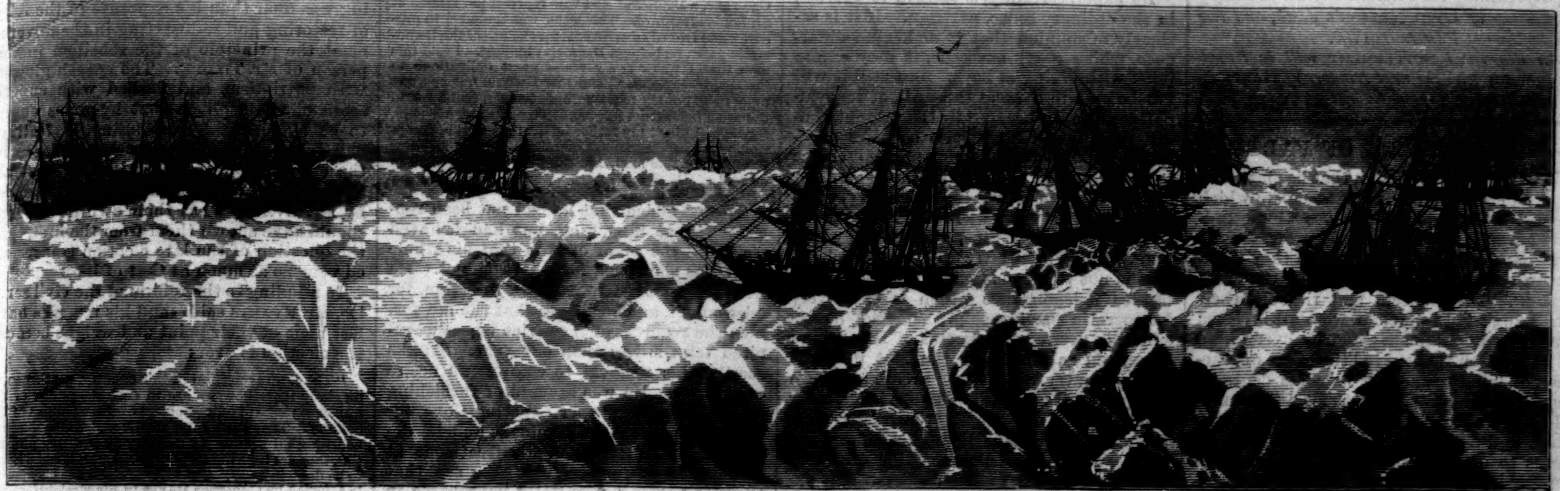
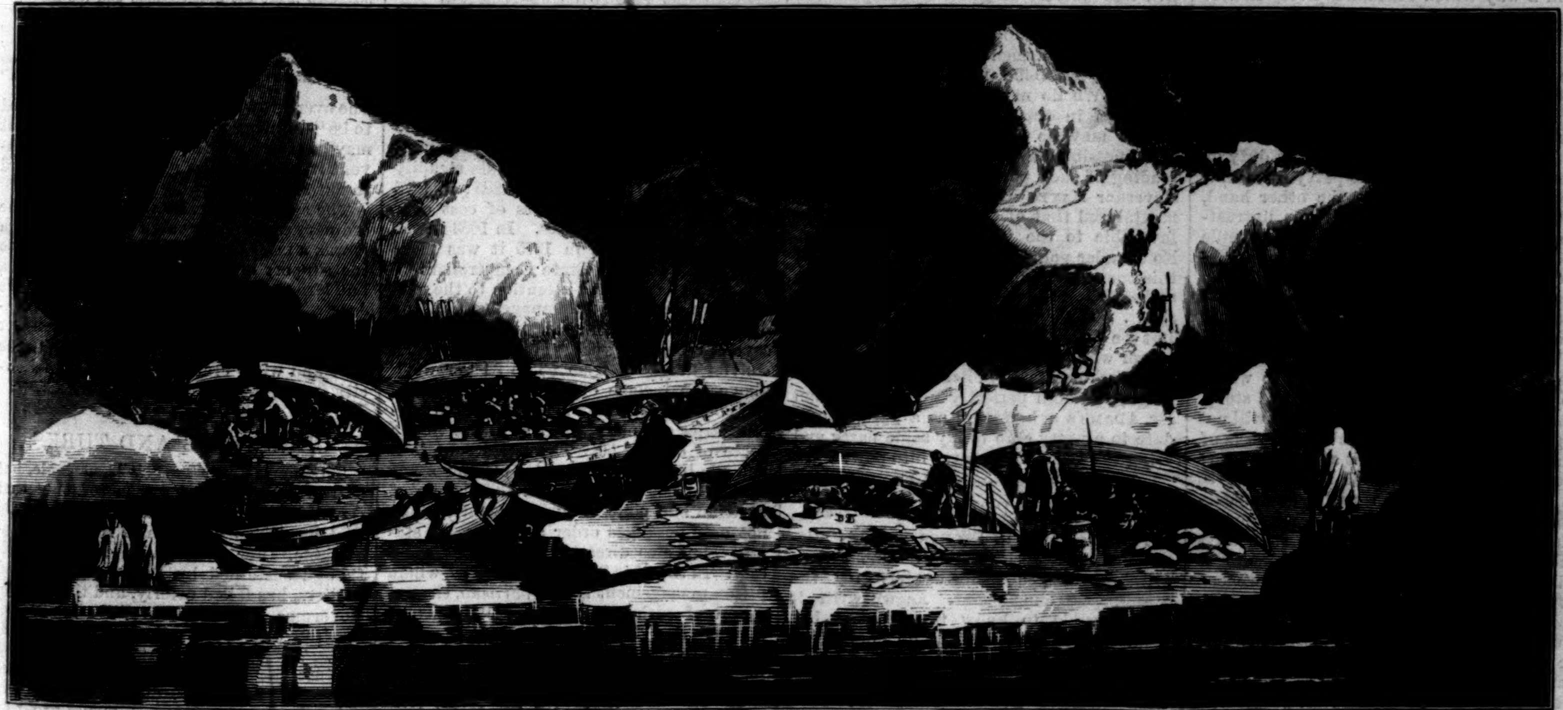
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XX.—No. 1038.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1876. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

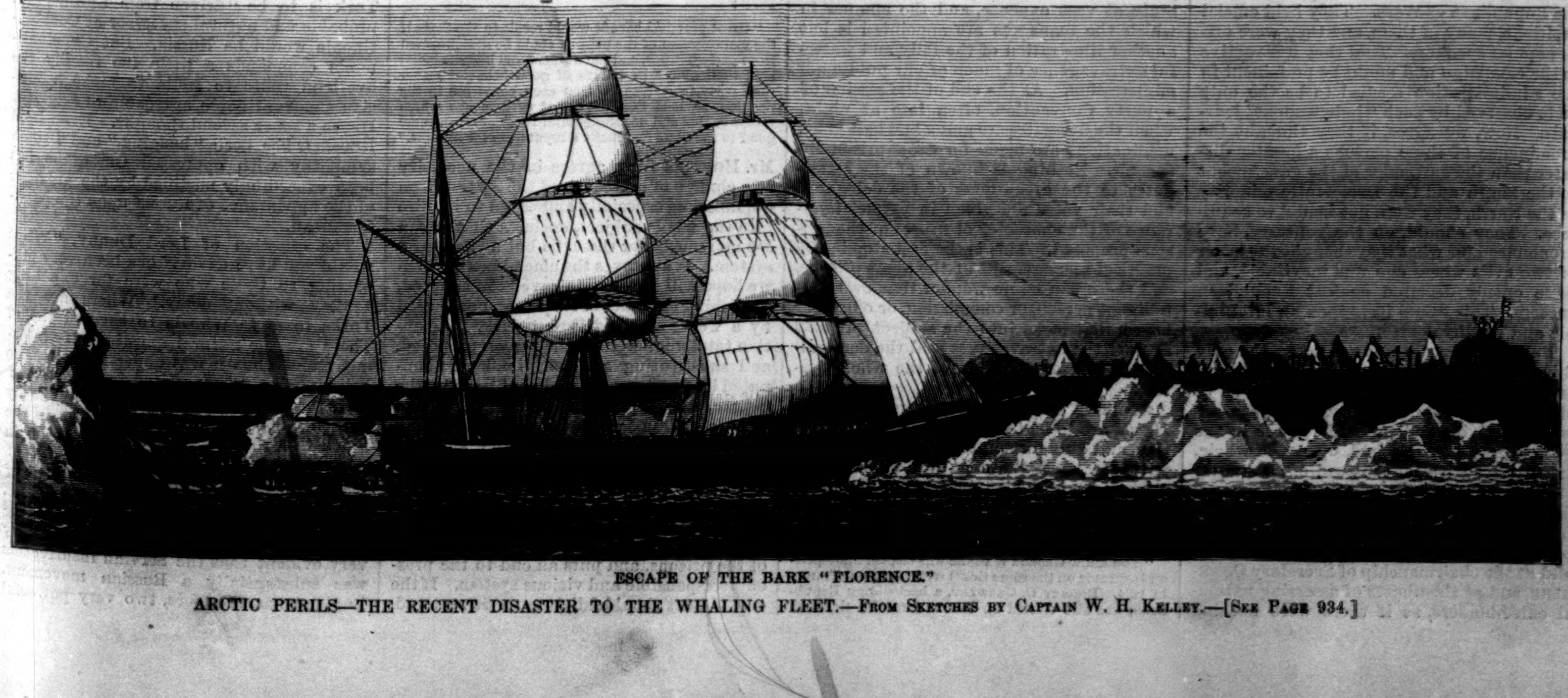
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1876, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



THE FLEET INCLOSED IN THE ICE-PACK.



THE CAMP ON A GROUNDED ICEBERG.



ESCAPE OF THE BARK "FLORENCE."

ARCTIC PERILS—THE RECENT DISASTER TO THE WHALING FLEET.—From Sketches by Captain W. H. Kelley.—[See Page 934.]

The Sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY last Week was over 130,000 Copies.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar Postage Free.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage Prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, November 18, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a splendid double-page engraving representing the decoration of the "Victory" in memory of* Lord Nelson's *death, and two illustrations of East Indian life.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

INDEPENDENCE OF PARTY.

During the campaign that has just ended there were some newspapers which seemed to consider themselves "independent" because under a languid profession of preference for Governor Hayes they sedulously promoted the election of Governor Tilden. Their sneers and ridicule, their "nagging" and innuendo, were all lavished upon the Republicans; and by every kind of indirection they served the cause of reaction, of inflation, and of hopeless degradation of administrative methods a thousandfold more effectively than if they had been frank and declared Democratic organs. It seems to us not only unpatriotic, but dishonorable, to take a party position in a contest of the kind just closed, and to maintain it in a way which confounds every honest supporter of the party, and encourages and delights its opponents. The reason for preferring the election of Governor Hayes was that the party which nominated him was, upon the whole, and with all exceptions and allowances made, that whose success promised best for the country. If that were an honest conviction, the patriotic duty of securing the success of the party by all fair means is obvious. If, on the other hand, both parties were thought to be untrustworthy, opposition to both was the simple and respectable course. But having deliberately chosen a side, it certainly ought to be sustained in a way which does not make every body doubt either the intelligence or the honesty of the support.

We are perfectly aware that there are many kinds of partisan support to which no newspaper of high character will stoop. There are many arguments which it will not urge. There are many fellow-supporters of the party whom it will not approve. There are many influences which it would regret to see controlling the party administration, and which it will, of course, oppose. But if, after a full survey of all such ways and arguments and men and influences, it still decides to sustain the party, we can not understand that it should give that support in a manner which shows that it distrusts its own conclusions, and that it would be just as well for the country if the candidate and party that it professes to prefer were defeated. In the contest just ended certain men whom the journals of the kind we describe did not like were prominent in the Republican canvass. They held official positions, many of them, and they were often popular speakers. That they were active in the campaign and might be prominent in the administration seemed to be the only facts observed by such "independent" journals. Now, we agree, if they thought the prominence of these persons a greater disaster than the surrender of the government to the South and the Democratic minority in the North, they were not bound to acquiesce. They should, on the contrary, have pronounced for what they thought the lesser of two evils where one was inevitable, and have openly declared against Republican success. This would have been an intelligible and worthy course.

But if this course was not taken, the only fair thing to do, it seems to us, was so to support the party and its candidate as to strengthen those influences because of whose activity and probable power in the party these journals had, upon the whole, taken sides with it. Instead of constantly carping at the fact of General Butler's nomination, for instance, and at the prominence in the canvass of Mr. Blaine, who is particularly distasteful to these journals, and at the chairmanship of Secretary Chandler, and at the abuses of assessing national office-holders, as if there were nothing else to be seen or said upon the Republican side, it would have been a very much more sensible support of the Republican candidate to show with equal persistency that Republicans had nominated Judge Hoar against Butler—a thing virtually unknown among Democratic "reformers;" that Mr. Schurz was one of the warmest and most confident advocates of Republican success; and that the resignation of General Wikoff as Adjutant-General of Ohio because of his chairmanship of the State Committee showed very clearly what was Governor Hayes's opinion of the union of two such positions in the same hands. We know that we speak the feeling of the best Republicans every where in the country in saying that no such damage was done to their cause during the campaign as by the papers which declared for Hayes, and then uniformly instilled into the minds of those favorable to him the profoundest distrust of the Republican party.

No paper, certainly, is obliged to become, in the ordinary sense, partisan. If it is seriously of opinion that it makes no difference which party succeeds, it may amuse itself with gibing at both. But still it will not be able to conceal the drift of its sympathies, simply because in the present condition of the country it is as mere affectation to declare that there is no choice between parties as it would have been for an Englishman a hundred and fifty years ago to say that there was no choice between the Tories and Whigs, between Bolingbroke and Robert Walpole. Our objection is not to what is called independence, but to independence which is effectively Democratic partisanship. *Harper's Weekly* sincerely desired the success of Hayes and Wheeler as promoting the best interests of the country. But what proof should we have given of our faith and hope if Mr. Nast had filled the paper with trenchant caricatures of conspicuous Republicans, and we had occupied these columns with "digs" and stabs at the party? If an independent paper decides to sustain a party candidate, it will undoubtedly do so in an independent manner. But if the manner in which such journals have supported Governor Hayes be independent, then independent support means the most efficient and injurious opposition. We do not deny that words and sentences in them friendly to Governor Hayes may be discerned, but no reader could possibly have imagined from constant reading of such papers that the success of Governor Hayes would not be very detrimental and that of Governor Tilden most favorable to the welfare of the country. No sounder political service can be done in this country than tempering the bitterness and exposing the unscrupulousness of party spirit. That we cordially acknowledge. But we deny that this can be done by any censor who is not plainly impartial. There was nothing more ludicrous in the campaign, although perfectly well meant, than Mr. Adams's exhortation as a party candidate to a party club to lay aside party and bring the Democratic party into power.

THE STATE-PRISON ABUSES.

The discharge of Stokes, and his allegations in regard to his treatment as a prisoner, happened fortunately for the State-prison amendment. As we write, it is impossible to know the decision, but whatever its fate, there is no doubt that the amendment ought to be adopted. The system of State-prison management in this State is unworthy of the age and of any intelligent people. The prisons are in great part schools of crime maintained by the State at vast expense, and the manner in which the managers are appointed is but another illustration of the folly and wasteful extravagance of much of our public administration. At the end of the session of a party Convention, often late at night, when the delegates are going and half gone, nominations are made for State-prison Inspector. Nothing is known of the candidates to the great mass of the delegates, and their votes are given in perfect ignorance of the character or fitness of the persons proposed. This is the first step in the practical management of the great prisons, and there can be no wonder that every intelligent person, or commission, or officer, or board, that looks into the subject, protests against the extravagance and the demoralization and degradation of the whole system.

Stokes's statements to a reporter of the *Herald* are to be taken, of course, with caution, and duly discounted for electioneering purposes. But there is nothing in them, either regarding his treatment or its causes, which is essentially improbable. Stokes said, according to the report:

> "You know George Wagner was elected State-prison Inspector on the same ticket with Governor Tilden in 1874. Rodney C. Crowley, a backsliding Republican, was also elected on Tilden's reform ticket in 1875, and at the same time the death of Moss K. Platt, who was Republican, gave Tilden the opportunity, which, of course, he did not slip by, of appointing his personal friend and servile confrère, B. W. X. Clark, in the place of Platt. Tilden's coadjutor, Crowley, took charge of Sing Sing prison in May last. Upon Crowley taking charge, one of his favorite appointees, whose name I will not mention to-day, requested an interview with me. He said to me that I had more privileges in Sing Sing under the Democratic party than had ever been accorded to me under the Republican party. He also stated that Clark, an opponent of Governor Tilden, was bitterly opposed to me, and had urged the Board of State-prison Inspectors to take extreme measures in my case. As a friend, I have sought this interview, said he, and I advise you to see Rodney C. Crowley, and for you to place in his hands $2500 to carry on the election in the coming canvass. This interview occurred in May of this year, at the time of the meeting of the full Board of State-prison Inspectors at Sing Sing. I told him that I was bitterly opposed to Tilden, not because he had refused to pardon me, but because he had practiced duplicity, and had deceived my aged father and caused his death. He replied that if I was not willing to put up the $2500, he would be satisfied if I would give a letter of introduction to James Stokes, an uncle of mine, and a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge, & Co., and also a personal friend of Governor Tilden, to the effect that I had received many favors at the hands of Crowley, a Democrat, and who represented Tilden at St. Louis afterward. This letter was intended to procure $2500 from James Stokes for the use of the Democratic party, he being a Democrat himself. I told this man that I was already under great obligations to Phelps, Dodge, & Co., and that I would not ask any more favors of my relatives, and, further, that I would not ask a favor from Samuel J. Tilden to save his life, for he had killed my father by his inexcusable deception. The Investigation Committee on Prisons know the name of this man, and can give it if they wish to do so."

Stokes added that he had not been reprimanded at Sing Sing, but had behaved well, and the proof of it is that his whole term was shortened for good conduct. He was not removed to Auburn, therefore, for misconduct, and he alleges that the law forbids the removal of a convict whose unexpired term is less than one year. Stokes ascribes his removal to Crowley's desire of revenge. He was accused of furnishing articles to a newspaper exposing Governor Tilden's pardons to criminals, and he describes his removal and his treatment at Auburn as wantonly cruel. We say that there is nothing essentially improbable in Stokes's story, because when State-prisons are managed by politicians, they will certainly be managed in a way to promote the interests of politicians.

The Prison Association of New York has carefully investigated the whole system of prison management in the State, and tells us that the total cost of crime in the State is between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000 annually, and the number of criminals steadily increases. In 1865 they were 1885; in 1875 they were 3755. The excess of cost over earnings also steadily rises. In 1863 it was more than $118,000; in 1875 it was more than $577,000. The State Comptrollers of all parties have called attention to the outrageous waste and mismanagement in the prisons. Mr. Hopkins said in 1875 that for several years the expense of supporting each convict has been from $3 to $4 per week above the income of his labor, while the few convicts sent under special laws to penitentiaries are maintained at a cost to the State of only $1 50. The late Republican and the last Democratic Comptroller agree that the root of the evil is the system of partisan and political appointments, which not only deranges order and prevents stability, but also directly encourages dishonesty. In the Ohio State Penitentiary, where prison management is non-partisan, the net excess of cash earnings over all expenses and salaries during the last seven years was more than $58,000. In Sing Sing during the same term the losses were more than $1,700,000.

Mr. William F. Allen, the Democratic Comptroller, said in his annual report for 1870:

> "Great practical benefit would result to the State if the management of the prisons could be disconnected from party politics, and the wardens and keepers could hold their offices by tenure of good behavior rather than party favoritism, so that each could see in the position he held that degree of permanence which would enable and encourage him to accomplish some good to the State and make a reputation for himself."

Mr. Hopkins fully agrees in the necessity of a change of system; and the State-prison Commission, especially appointed to inquire into the whole subject, declares that it can see no remedy for the evils but a change of system. It approves the amendment, which we hope will be found to have been adopted, abolishing the office of Inspector, nominated by a weary and indifferent party Convention totally ignorant of the person proposed, and substituting a Superintendent, nominated by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate, who holds office for five years, and who appoints wardens, physicians, and chaplains, while the Comptroller appoints the clerks. This system fixes the responsibility somewhere else than on a Convention which dissolved a year or more ago. It makes the Governor and Senate responsible for the humane and economical management of the prisons, and puts an end to the present irresponsible and vicious system. If the amendment should fail, it must be renewed, and in some form it will be renewed, so long as there are intelligent and resolute citizens who comprehend the full mischief and peril of the old system.

MR. EVARTS'S SPEECH.

The Republicanism of Mr. Evarts has been sometimes questioned, because he submits to no yoke, and while he acts with a party, does not cease to be an independent man. But it is such men as he that make a party worth acting with. It is the deliberate approval of so sound a judgment and so sure a patriotism which commends a party to general confidence. If he accepted without question every thing done in the party name, if he had no protest for abuses, no condemnation of errors and wrongs, he would be a mere party hack, and of no influence whatever. His speech at the Cooper Institute just before the election was masterly, and brought out in the clearest light the really vital points of the election. Nothing was finer than his exposure of the folly of restoring and re-instating in the government the principle of the rebellion in the person of Mr. Tilden. The speech glowed with patriotism, and flashed with superb scorn of the sophism that by-gones ought to be by-gones. The piddling, hesitating, hair-splitting gentlemen who could see in the canvass nothing but the fact that all Republicans are not immaculate were taught by Mr. Evarts what their own good sense should have shown them from the first, that the question of the late election transcended persons as much as that of 1864.

In alluding to the reform of the civil service, Mr. Evarts said—and his remarks have lost none of their point and weight because the election is over:

> "The future question of this country, gentlemen, is precisely that—how we are to curb the power of the immense range of office-holders over the politics of the country. They are killing all the statesmen, they are belittling all the issues, they are discrediting all parties, they are injuring all politics. But it is not a thing to be done in a day. The vicious circle has been keenly touched by Governor Hayes in his straightforward letter of acceptance; the vicious circle by which the placemen make the Congressmen and the Congressmen make the placemen, and both leave the people out, has been touched as with a needle by Governor Hayes; and the first ground of my confidence in any physician to cure an ill or heal a wound is to be sure that he knows what the ill is and where the wound is."

The overthrow of the "machine" he declared to be "the struggle of a generation, and that may be trusted to the party that did not invent it, and that has struggled pretty hard to put an end to it."

The speech of Mr. Evarts was not in the ordinary sense a campaign speech, although it was a most timely and persuasive plea to the support of the Republican candidates, but, like many of Webster's speeches in the Jackson era, it was full of matter of permanent interest and value, and was another justification of the high regard in which the wise and witty orator is held by his fellow-citizens.

CHRISTIANS AND TURKS.

The news from Turkey is variable, but there seems no good reason to doubt that the terms proposed by Russia will be accepted. The ultimatum of Russia was inevitable. For the Servian revolution, although sustained by Russian officers and soldiers, has failed utterly, and the Russian Government had no alternative but a declaration of war or a cessation of hostilities. There has been a reaction in England against the first feeling in regard to the Bulgarian massacres, due undoubtedly to the perception that Russia would profit by British indignation with Turkey. If the Turk is to be "driven from Europe," his probable and natural successor at Constantinople would be Russia. But Constantinople commands a little too readily the overland route to India to make a Russian Constantinople agreeable to England. Hence a sober second thought. Even Lord Russell has been "hedging," and British sympathy with oppressed Christians has been exceedingly modified by the prospect of the appearance of Russia upon the Mediterranean.

The question of Lord Derby, "What would you have us do?" has been very perplexing to those who were for expelling Turkey without delay. Where are the Turks to go? Who is to succeed them? These are the natural questions of statesmen; and when it was understood that the British policy contemplated, in the event of war, the occupation of Constantinople by British troops, and the British fleet in the Black Sea, there was great satisfaction in the British soul. The English policy of sustaining Turkey implies a great deal of shutting of eyes and holding of tongues. If that be found to be impracticable, the policy must be abandoned. It is certainly very evident that the Servian insurrection was substantially a Russian movement. England has, therefore, two very powerful hostile elements to deal with in the Turkish question. One is the political ambition of Russia, the other is the religious ferocity of the Turks. And each of these helps the other. It is the interest of Russia that there shall be Turkish atrocities which exasperate England, because they alienate British sympathy from Turkey. Yet, on the other hand, the known British jealousy of Russian encroachment upon the Mediterranean emboldens Turkey to persecute without serious fear of British abandonment.

The "Eastern question" has been always confusing, because the complication of interests has been so immense. If it were simply a question of persecution of Christians, it could readily be settled by a concert of Christian powers. The Danubian Christian is not a very encouraging specimen of the supporters of his faith; but if there were no other considerations, the Christian states would make common cause for him against "Mahound." It is the other considerations, however, that control the expression of Christian sympathy. Christian France, England, and Germany do not wish to see Christian Russia aggrandized. Three weeks ago a general European war seemed to be imminent. But there was really no sufficient reason, and the enormity of a causeless contest involving results so incalculable seems to have averted the struggle, at least for a time. Should the armistice proposed by Russia be accepted, it is fair to assume that some compromise will be adopted which will leave the general situation virtually unchanged, with possibly stronger guarantees against Turkish persecution. It is not a question upon which the Western powers really wish to go to war.

THE PERSONAL ASPECT OF A POLITICAL CONTEST.

The political contest that has just closed properly and necessarily involved criticism of personal character and conduct. This is always deprecated at the beginning of a campaign, but is unavoidable. Nor ought it to be avoided. If there was ever a time in our history when the nomination of men by a great party to great offices was held to prove that they were beyond reproach, that time is passed. What is desirable is not that candidates should not be criticised, but that they should be found blameless. When, therefore, an orator or an editor says that he will discuss only principles and party, he does but half the work. The country has a right to know what kind of men it is asked to elect to high positions; and the knowledge that public inquisition will be made, that the strongest light will be thrown upon every part of a candidate's career and conduct, leads every man who aspires to high place to take heed that he says and does nothing which will not bear scrutiny. Of course there will be monstrous falsehoods and misrepresentations and calumnies. But that is no reason for declining to seek and to know the truth. The fertile invention of calumny could find nothing with which to stain the name of Governor Hayes; and that of itself, the consciousness that the effort was constantly making, and making in vain, was a strong title to the confidence of his countrymen.

The careful scrutiny of candidates has this further advantage, that it reveals their view of vital and fundamental questions. This is of paramount importance in the present situation of this country. If in the late contest the only question discussed had been that which Mr. Tilden chose to say was the only question of the canvass, we should simply have fought upon the very spot which the enemy had selected. Under existing circumstances, a very much more important question than reform is that of the nature of the government. Now it was strict inquiry into the personal views of candidates which taught the country that Mr. Tilden holds precisely the same view of the nature of the Union and the power of the government that Jefferson Davis held. The rebellion was merely an effort to enforce his views. It was, therefore, sheer folly to insist that the only pertinent question was whether Mr. Tilden would be likely to reform the system of civil appointments. The attempt to drown the discussion and exposure of his views of the powers and rights of the States and of the Union in a cry of "bloody shirt" was a device as old as demagoguery. Issues in a national election are not made by candidates and Conventions. They are made by the facts of the national situation. And investigation of the personal views and character and career of Mr. Tilden disclosed the fact that he held the extreme doctrine of State sovereignty, while his conduct in regard to the war, to Tweed, and to inflation showed that he was always mastered by the power of his party.

It is certainly not necessary to believe every "charge" made against a candidate, but it is necessary to understand that all "charges" are not unfounded because some may be false. Moreover, the real facts in many lives which are ostensibly correct would be surprising. There is a conventional respectability which is accepted as sufficient proof of fair dealing for ordinary civility and intercourse. But if persons of such standing are suddenly summoned to be representatives, the proper and inevitable inquiry into antecedents will often result in "charges" which are none the less true because they are wholly incompatible with previous respectability. There is nothing more legitimate than rigid scrutiny of the public and private life of every man to whom the care of the most vital interests is to be intrusted. If such scrutiny is supposed to be malicious mud-throwing, it is because its nature and object are wholly misapprehended.

AN INJUSTICE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD CORRECTED.

An interesting contribution to American history has been recently made by Adjutant-General Stryker, of New Jersey, which has been justly acknowledged by Mr. Bancroft in the Centenary edition of his history. In the famous ninth volume of the original issue—the volume which drew upon him the wrath of the grandchildren of Revolutionary sires, so that the air fairly hurtled with the sound of defensive and recriminatory pamphlets, Mr. Bancroft had called in question the patriotic fidelity of Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania, Washington's Adjutant-General. It was not the first time that the charge had been made. Indeed, it seems that so long ago as September, 1782, an article, supposed to have been written by Dr. Benjamin Rush, was published in the *Independent Gazetteer*, assailing the record of General Reed. This drew a reply from Reed, addressed to General Cadwallader, who, he supposed, was the author of the attack. Cadwallader replied, in 1783, unfavorably to Reed. In 1847, William B. Reed, who was not good authority upon a question of loyalty, published a life of his grandfather, the general, praising him highly; and in 1856 the charge against Reed was renewed by Horace W. Smith in a pamphlet which contained the "Valley Forge Letters," first published anonymously in 1842. Ten years later, in 1866, came Mr. Bancroft's ninth volume, with much new matter, re-opening the controversy. The next year William B. Reed replied, Mr. Bancroft rejoined, and another pamphlet from William B. Reed closed the discussion. For this summary we are indebted to the preface of General Stryker's modest little monograph.

The essential charge against Joseph Reed was that he took protection from the British during the Revolutionary war. The evidence, apparently conclusive, upon which Mr. Bancroft relied was a passage in the diary of Colonel Donop, the Hessian, dated December 21, 1776. In this passage Donop distinctly speaks of Colonel Reed, who had lately received a protection, and who told General Mifflin that he should serve no longer, upon which General Mifflin "called him a damned rascal." The story has, in fact, been very generally believed, so that William B. Reed was often said to have come naturally by his disloyalty during the rebellion. General Stryker, however, has discovered from the records in his office that there was a certain Charles Read, of New Jersey, who at the close of 1776 was commissioned as a colonel of State troops, and who had large landed interests in Burlington County. The troops under his command, however, did no service, for the lieutenant-colonel refused taking the oaths to the State, as the records show, and Colonel Read took protection from the enemy. There was great confusion in the State, and the reorganization of the troops was delayed, so that the conduct of Colonel Read did not become public. But in March, 1777, Governor Livingston stated in a message that Colonel Charles Read had submitted to the enemy. General Stryker assumes that Donop thought the force in front of him was commanded by Mifflin, although Mifflin was then in Pennsylvania, and the conversation which Donop reports was held by a Colonel Read with Colonel Samuel Griffin, whose name would sound to Donop like Mifflin. Moreover, had Joseph Reed already betrayed the cause on the 21st, he could hardly have failed to communicate to Donop, only six miles away, the secret of the intended surprise at Trenton which Washington intrusted to him by letter dated December 23. On the 21st of December Donop also reported to his commanding general that the Colonel Reed who received the protection had been carried off by "General Mifflin" as a prisoner. In fact, Colonel Griffin did carry off Colonel Read, and just a month later the books of the Pennsylvania Council of Safety show that "Colonel Charles Reed" was in custody.

General Stryker's little pamphlet is a demonstration; and Mr. Bancroft states in his new volume that he thinks "there can be no doubt" that the Colonel Reed mentioned by Donop was Colonel Charles Read, of New Jersey. A fatal stigma is thus removed from an officer who stood in the most intimate relations with Washington; and General Stryker has certainly made a most valuable contribution to the "centennial year."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who made a very brilliant *début* in New York as a public speaker a few weeks since, is a native of North Carolina, and on the sunny side of fifty. At the age of twenty-two he became assistant editor of the *Commercial*, and has since that period exercised a controlling influence over its columns. No journalist of the West is master of a more pungent, incisive style, nor is there one whose writings are pervaded by a more robust common-sense. Mr. Halstead is now in the very prime of his powers, possesses a national reputation, controls one of the most widely circulated, influential, and profitable journals in the country, and is, in the highest and best sense of the term, a man of mark.

—Those Western editors will have their little jokes. "Petroleum V. Nasby," in his Toledo *Blade*, says that Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is to have the French mission if Tilden is elected, and, with that in view, is reviewing his Ollendorff and asking himself, "*Avez-vous acheté les seven mules de le farmer dans l'Indiana?*" and replying, "*Oui, et nous avons choisi le Jeans de bleu.*"

—John Walter, Esq., M.P., the owner and directing head of the London *Times*, has for some days past been the guest of Mr. George W. Childs, in Philadelphia, where he has been making a thorough examination of the Centennial Exhibition. The deep interest he has taken in it may be inferred from the fact that the *Times* has had five representatives of its staff at the Exhibition, three of them being experts in their respective departments. Mr. Walter has always taken a friendly interest in American affairs, not only during the war, but in the *Alabama* controversy, and to the aid rendered by the *Times* is to be attributed, more than to any thing else, the large interest felt in Great Britain and her colonies in the Centennial Exhibition. It may be mentioned that Mr. Walter has declined a peerage, preferring rather that grand position which gives him power to guide the public opinion not merely of England, but of the world, and to guide it for the best interests of humanity.

—A statue of Charles Sumner is to be placed opposite to that of Edward Everett in the public garden of Boston, the equestrian statue of Washington forming a central point between them.

—In a recent article on Westminster Abbey, Colonel Chester states that he has discovered that Major André's remains were brought from America and interred in the abbey in 1821 by direction of the Duke of York. He has investigated the history of André's family, and finds that it originated at Nimes.

—It was a pleasant thought of the late Francis P. Blair, who lived to see one of his sons a cabinet officer and another a United States Senator, that just before his death he requested that eight of his grandsons should act as the pallbearers at his funeral. The request was carried into effect.

—Lord Lytton said that he took the plot of the most popular English drama of the present century—*The Lady of Lyons*—from an indistinct recollection of a pretty little tale called "The Bellows-Mender." It is asserted now, however, that he had a recollection tolerably distinct of a comedy by Mrs. Behn, called *The False Count*, a portion of the intrigue of which is exactly analogous to that in the mixture of simpers and scowls which surrounds the soft Claude and the sentimental Pauline.

—The late F. O. J. Smith, of Maine, one of the pioneers of telegraphy in this country, from which he long since realized a handsome fortune and retired, left $50,000 to the Home for Aged and Indigent Mothers, $50,000 to the Cumberland County Law Library, $10,000 to the New Hampshire Historical Society, and $10,000 to Phillips Academy at Exeter, where he was educated.

—Speaking of witty clergymen, past and present, a bright London contemporary says: "A prelate's wit is an article that should be examined through a microscope by those who are accustomed to a less subtle species of fun. Dr. Wilberforce's wit made itself felt on the least provocation and on the dullest natures; and since he has been installed in the see of Peterborough, Dr. Magee has done his best to reproduce the wit of Wilberforce in society and in Parliament. Dr. Magee is an admirable *raconteur*, and he leads his listener up to the absurd climax of a laughter-moving story with inimitable gravity. The fun of half a dozen Irishmen lurks beneath his saturnine expression of countenance. He never makes a speech in the House of Lords without provoking the uproarious mirth of that august assemblage half a dozen times. He is quick at repartee, happy at epigram. At a dinner table his episcopal office sits as lightly upon him as it did on Samuel Wilberforce, and his studied imitation of that great original is not a caricature."

—Mrs. James T. Fields, of Boston, has received from Charles Reade, the novelist, in return for "The Ladies' Centennial Brooch," presented to him by her, an antique tea-pot of curious design, bearing the inscription: "Charles Reade dedicates to the ladies of Boston, and presents to his esteemed friend Mrs. Fields, this pot of the period when the citizens of Boston turned their harbor into a tea-pot and tasted the sweets of liberty."

—Jenny Lind has presented 40,000 crowns to the Stockholm Academy of the Liberal Arts, to aid poor students.

—Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, is so crowded with young ladies that the trustees have decided to erect more cottages to lodge them.

—Certain peculiarities of Mr. Lowe, one of the most brilliant men in England, are thus given in the London *World:* "His extraordinary facility in learning languages has led him to treat as an amusement what to many people is the most agonizing of inflictions. When in want of something to give zest to life, he takes up a fresh language, and has in this way acquired, if not absolute proficiency, at least fair scholarship, in more than a dozen tongues. In his youth he learned a little Hebrew; but for some reason the study was abandoned, and during a long residence at the antipodes forgotten. Some four or five years ago Mr. Lowe woke up one morning and wished he knew Hebrew. He is not of those who wish for any thing without taking more active measures. He had forgotten the character, and was compelled to begin again at the very beginning; but he made short work of Hebrew, points and all, and is now not a little proud of his Semitic scholarship. He also once achieved the feat of learning Norwegian in a few weeks, but in that case was assisted by his previous knowledge of the ancient Icelandic language and literature."

—William Morris, the poet, lives in a charming house in London, brightened by a wife who is very beautiful, and three pretty children. His study is reached by three flights of stairs, and is a bare room, hung with lumps of tobacco, and having for writing purposes a curious old hacked table and an ancient inkhorn. Herein the "Earthly Paradise" was written. The shaggy-haired, kind-faced poet never looks handsomer than when his little ones are dancing about him and climbing over him.

—Could any thing in the way of "personal" be more delicious than this, clipped from a late number of the London *Era:* "Died, on the 29th ult., George Smith, father of Miss Kate Derrington, *née* Mrs. T. Clarke?"

—Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian Premier, is noted for his abstemious habits. He never drinks wine and never smokes. He drinks a cup of coffee in bed before rising, and eats but two meals a day. Retiring very early in the evening, he sleeps ten or twelve hours. His regular habits have kept his frame in such excellent condition that he does not feel the infirmities of old age at all. He was born in 1798, entered upon his diplomatic career under Count Nesselrode, and became the Foreign Minister of Russia at the close of the Crimean campaign.

—A correspondent of the London *Times* writes that "Canon Duckworth, in his address on the unveiling of the bust of Charles Kingsley in Westminster Abbey, spoke of the memorial window to George Herbert and William Cowper as presented by Americans, using the plural number. It is only fair to mention that the generous gift is due to Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, as recorded on a brass scroll under the window."

—Miss Jennie Collins says there are 30,000 shop-girls in Boston, or nearly one-tenth of the entire population.

—According to Mr. Eugene Schuyler, the medico of Turkistan is not a disagreeable sort of fellow, and his methods as well as his medicines are safe and sensible. The first care of the physician of that country is to study your general appearance, to look you over—up one leg and down the other, as it were—and take stock of your eyes, skin, and transitory effects; then he asks about your temperament. The chief medical book of Turkistan tells him that you must belong to one of four classes, and his treatment of your malady is governed accordingly. When he has combined your symptoms with your temperament, he will pull a bag out of his pocket, or untie the scarf which serves him for a girdle, and open an assortment of drugs in twisted bits of paper, perhaps tasting and smelling to find the right ones, and having chosen the proper medicine, will give you the usual directions about doses and diet. The medicaments employed by Central Asiatic physicians are, in general, very simple, being in most part vegetable substances, but few animal matters and minerals being used. They are usually taken simply in the form of powders and decoctions, and when a mixed medicine is used, the physician delivers the substances to the patient and allows him to mix them for himself. This not only saves the physician trouble, but in a certain way soothes the suspicious feelings of the patient, who might imagine, in case he did not immediately improve, that he had been poisoned by the doctor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A number of serious accidents occurred during the week. A Centennial train on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, containing 1200 passengers, was run into by a coal train at Lehigh Summit, on the night of the 30th ult. Six cars were telescoped, and three persons were killed and many wounded, some of them fatally.—A false alarm of fire created a panic in a Chinese theatre in San Francisco, on the 30th ult., and twenty persons were killed and many badly crushed.—On the 1st inst., an axle broke on a passenger train of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, at Centre Valley. The brakeman and porter were killed and several others injured.—A terrific explosion occurred, on the 1st inst., in the Miami Powder Mills, Ohio, killing two persons and injuring five.

The official returns of the October election in Colorado show Republican majorities—for Congressman, 998; for Supreme Court, 1361.

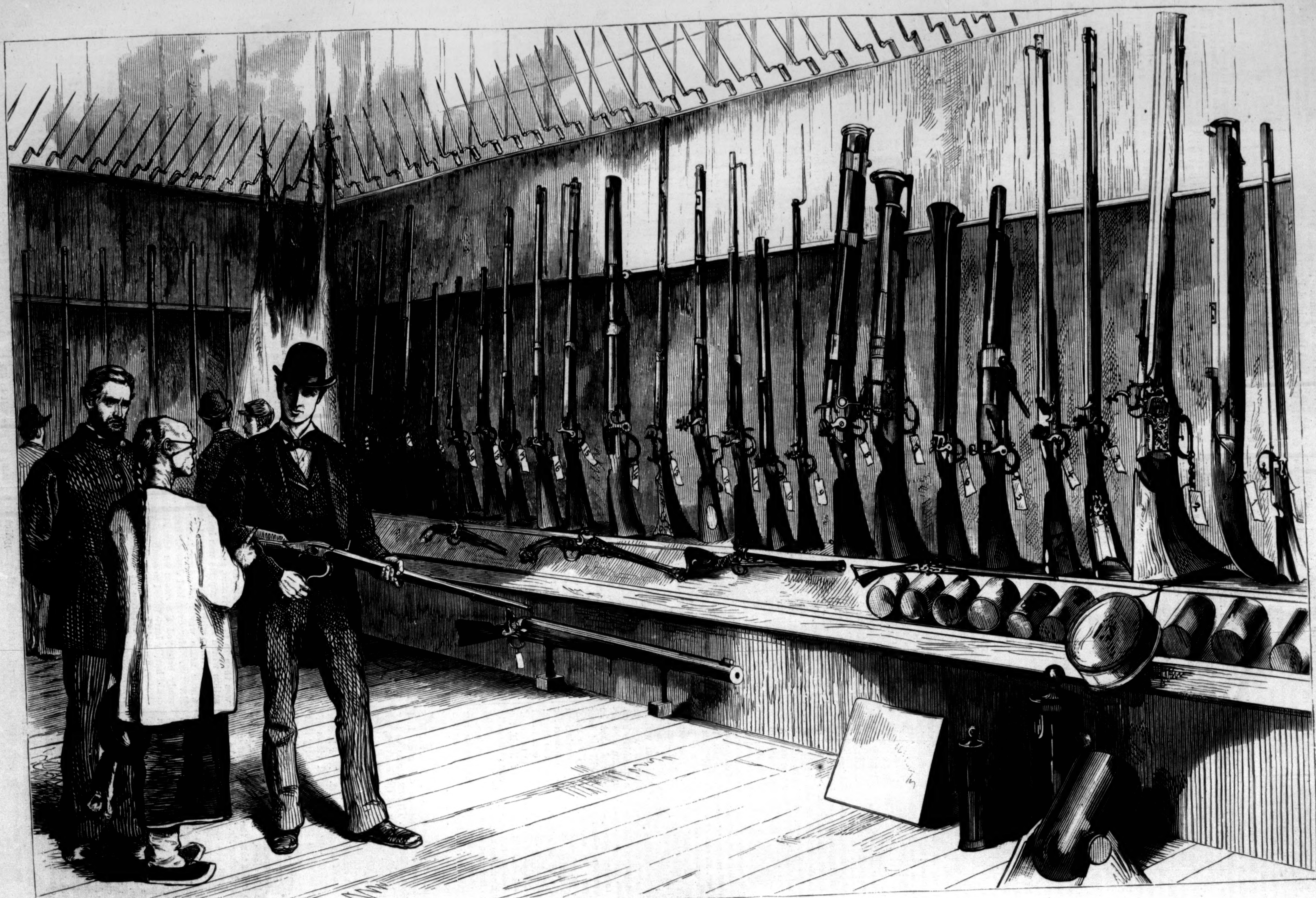
A report from Camp Stambough, Wyoming Territory, says a village of 500 lodges of Shoshones was attacked, on the 30th of October, by a large Sioux war party, estimated at 1200 lodges, at Painted Rock, about ninety miles from Camp Stambough. As far as learned, only one Shoshone, named Humpy, escaped. He was the Indian who saved the life of Captain Henry in General Crook's second fight this summer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople advices of the 2d inst. state that the armistice was signed on the 1st, the Servians accepting it. Both armies will retain the positions they now hold. A battle was fought, on the 29th ult., in which the Turks drove the Servians from Djunis, after a crushing defeat. The Turks attacked the heights of Djunis. The Servian artillery, irritated at General Tchernayeff's depreciatory manner, refused to fight, and abandoned their positions despite the efforts of the Russian officers. A body of Russian volunteers defended the heights desperately, half of their number being killed. The Turks carried the positions, thus cutting the Servian army in two. After the fall of Djunis, General Tchernayeff, with his staff and part of the army, retreated to Raganj, but have since returned to the neighborhood of Deligrad. General Horvatovich's corps fought some time, but were finally completely beaten and driven back upon Krujevatz. The Deligrad positions are now untenable.

The great maritime canal connecting Amsterdam with the German Ocean was opened, on the 1st, with imposing ceremonies. It is sixteen miles long, and has at the sea end a harbor covering 250 acres, which, however, is not quite completed.

Cardinal Antonelli is reported dying, a consultation of physicians having declared his case hopeless.



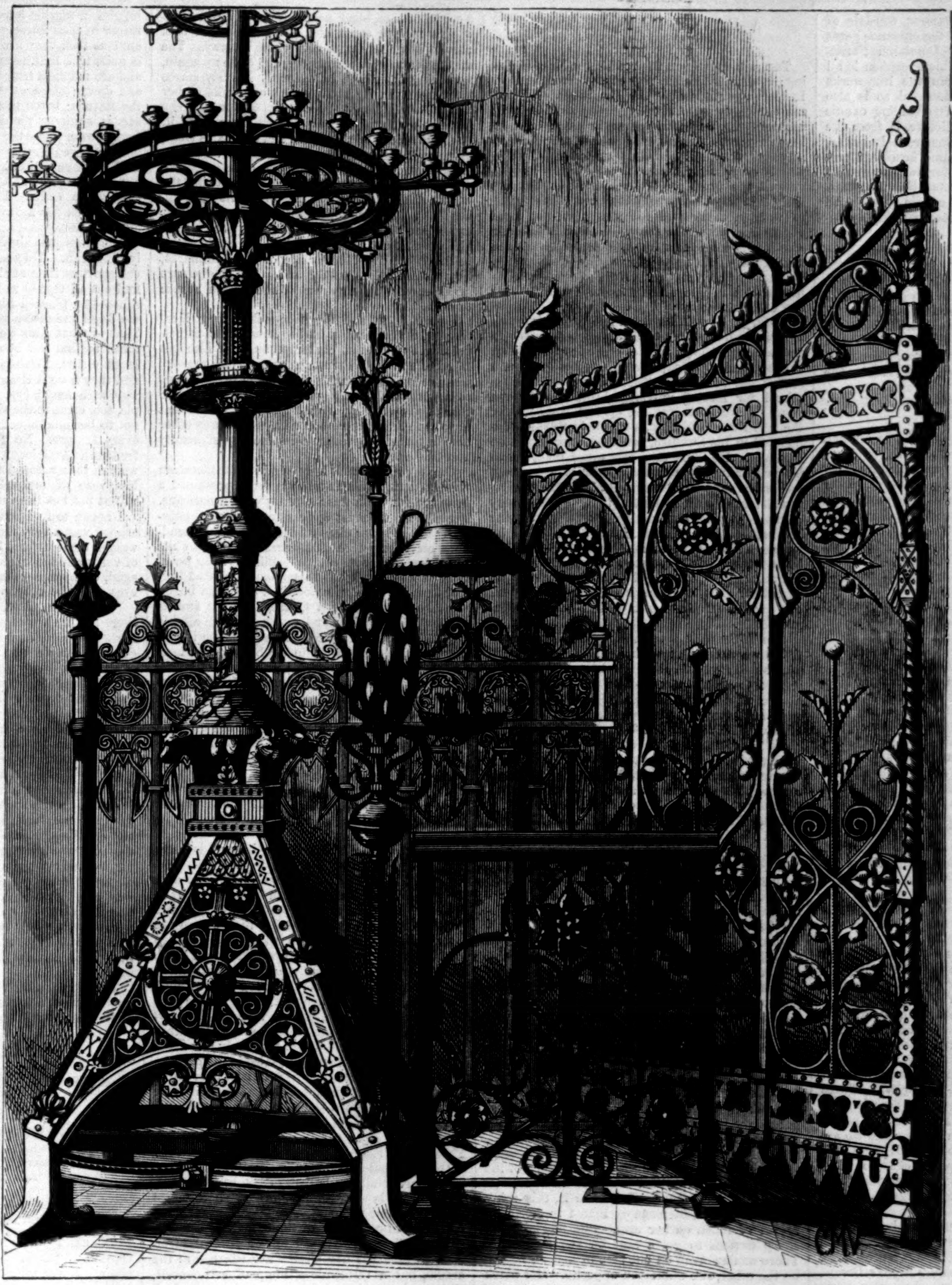
THE CENTENNIAL—ARMS OF ALL NATIONS, GOVERNMENT BUILDING.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 929.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

ARMS OF ALL NATIONS.

THE Ordnance collection of small-arms, though not rivaling in extent some of the superb collections abroad, as in the Tower, or the Artillery Museum of Paris, is especially interesting from its completeness. Lieutenant **METCALFE** has arranged in chronological order most of these representatives of man's effort to destroy, from the invention of gunpowder to the present day. The collection is particularly complete in breech-loaders. When there was but one way to load a gun and only two or three ways to fire it, changes were necessarily slow, and confined to matters of detail; but when breech-loaders were introduced, so much more was required of them than merely to keep shut, that they have afforded an almost endless field for the genius of the inventor. Hence we find various specimens of the matchlock, or gun fired by a slow match brought in contact with the priming directly by means of an S-shaped piece pivoted to the side of the gun. The glimmering light from these matches was found to betray the presence of the firer at night, so a great advance was thought to have been made when they were replaced by the wheel-lock—a sort of serrated wheel pressing against a piece of flint, which would turn quickly, throwing off sparks, like Mrs. Jarley's figures when wound up. The old-fashioned flint-lock "de mon père" is shown in abundant forms, from a gun actually used at Bunker Hill to a breech-loader issued to the troops about 1820. This is the first instance on record of these arms having been used in large numbers by any government. In some form or another Uncle Sam has had them in his arms chest ever since. Then the breech-loaders of modern form, from the crude efforts devised during the rebellion to the magnificent "Springfield" rifle of the present day. They are shown upon lay figures, of grotesque form when compared with the admirable Swedish collection, but still interesting when considered as mere pegs for the clothes and arms to hang upon.

The officers of the War Department are Lieutenant **HENRY METCALFE**, in charge of the Ordnance Department, just described, and also the executive officer of the government exhibition, and his assistant, Lieutenant **WHIPPLE**; Captains **HEAP** and **POST** and Lieutenant **RUFFNER**, of the Engineers; Lieutenant **GRUGAN**, of the Signal Corps; Captain **RODGERS**, of the Quartermaster's Department; and Drs. **WOODWARD** and **YARROW**, in the Medical Department, near by. They are all represented by Colonel S. C. **LYFORD**, in behalf of the War Department, who is also the chairman of the government board.


DECORATIVE WORK IN IRON.

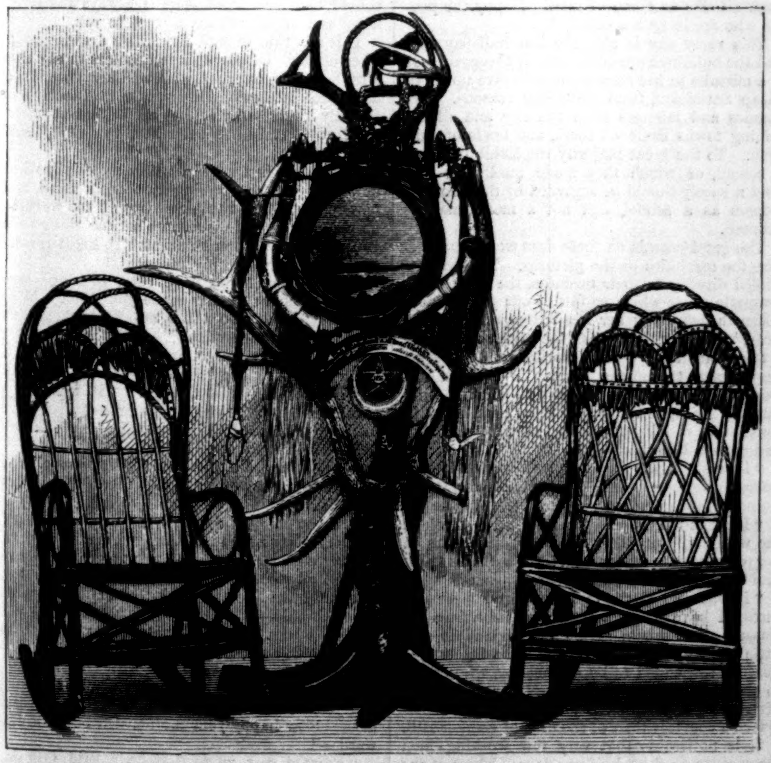
Of the later improvements, in this collection we find the needle-gun of the Prussians; the Chassepot of the French; the United States army rifle known on the frontier as the pin-gun, and said by experts to be the best military arm in existence; the Remington rifle, with which so many foreign nations have provided their troops, and which is also our State militia arm. The Chinese gentleman is examining one of the newest and most curious American inventions in arms, the Evans rifle.

The following list contains the names of the arms shown in the exhibit:

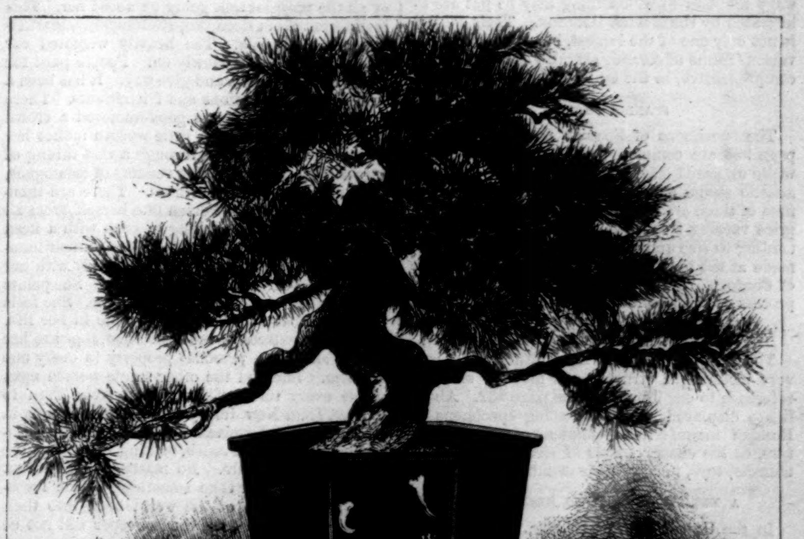
1. Japanese matchlock, calibre, one inch. 2. Wheel-lock rifle, 1580; wound up like a clock; when let loose, lets off sparks to ignite powder. 3. Rifle of **WASHINGTON**'s Virginians. 4. The Queen Anne, formerly used by the British. 5. Flint-lock brass blunderbuss. 6. Blunderbuss, Harpers Ferry, 1811. 7. Brass flint-lock, United States, 1820, shot and ball. 8. Wall-piece, Pittsburg. 9. West Point cadets' gun, made at Springfield, 1808. 10. United States gun, Flankers. 11. Last of the flint-locks, 1843, Mexican war. 12. Ellis flint-lock: four charges, one on top of the other; lock slips back, and discharges one after the other. 13. Albanian. 14. Springfield wall-piece, 1848. 15. First percussion musket, used in Mexican war, made in 1842. 16. **LINDSLEY**'s superposed two-shot. 17. **COLT**'s revolving rifle, no longer made. 18. **BURNSIDE**'s carbine, used in the first of the war (discarded). 19. Wesson. 20. Maynard. 21. Chinese. 22. Chassepot. 23. Needle-gun. 24. Remington arm of the militia. 25. The United States Springfield, the arm of the regulars. The gun first on the right is one of the earliest matchlocks.

DECORATIVE IRON-WORK.

The wrought-iron work shown on this page, from


A MEMORY OF "THE HERMITAGE."

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.


JAPANESE DWARF PINE-TREE.

drawings by Mr. C. H. VANDERHOOF, consists of five objects. There is one of the entrance gates to the grounds of the new Dominion Parliament buildings at Ottawa. This specimen is all wrought by hand. It is from the iron-works of Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal, as is also the smaller bit of railing. The reading candle stand, in the centre of the picture, is from the works of Messrs. BARNARD, BISHOP, & BARNARD, of Norwich, England. The same firm send portions of railing manufactured for the government of Buenos Ayres. Messrs. HART, SON, PEARD, & Co., of London, send a large candle stand. All these objects are elegant in form and highly finished in execution.

JAPANESE DWARF PINE.

A part of the inclosure in which the Japanese bazar is situated is devoted to the exhibition of curious plants, among the most interesting of which are the dwarf specimens of arbor vitæ and pine, stunted in early youth by some process in which Japanese gardeners are adepts. The illustration of the dwarf pine on page 929 is from the pencil of Mr. THEO. R. DAVIS.

LAMBETH FAIENCE.

Of all the exhibitors of pottery at the Centennial, Messrs. DOULTON & Co., of Lambeth, England, appear to have been most fully animated by a desire to carry the judges' pavilion by storm. They have let into the Exhibition a perfect inundation of Doulton-ware, Lambeth faience, and terra cotta, of which we meet with samples not only in several places in the Main Building, but also in Memorial and Horticultural halls. It is fortunate that the variety of their exhibits reconciles us to the frequency with which they attract our notice. The terra cotta temple shown in the illustration on page 933 was erected for the display of Lambeth faience, and in itself supplies us with a wonderful specimen of ceramic art. The ware to which the above appellation has been given is of a much finer quality than that known by the name of the manufacturers. The latter is described by them as "an English revival, upon perfectly independent principles, of the famous Flemish gray (*gris de Flandres*) of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. It is essentially a stone-ware." The firing and glazing are done in one operation. The Lambeth faience, on the other hand, differs from the Doulton-ware, and from any other kind of faience with which we are acquainted, in being "a kind of porcelain." It is of quite recent date, the manufacture having only been begun in 1872. The vessels are not submitted to the artists for decoration until after the first firing, or when the ware is in what is technically known as its "biscuit" state. The glazing is then applied over the colors, which are much more varied than those of the Doulton-ware.

From the process we now turn to results. That the Messrs. DOULTON have, in the four years during which they have been experimenting, achieved a wonderful success, is very evident. Without declining a good suggestion from any quarter, their vases, in regard to both shape and ornamentation, show independence and decided originality. Many of them are graceful in form, and chastely decorated in colors which represent peculiar shades of blue, yellow, green, and brown. There is, however, a tendency observable occasionally, both in the Doulton-ware and faience, to a superabundance of ornament. In other cases we are presented with a pleasing contrast of more delicate designs and greater simplicity of taste. The plaques show careful drawing, and coloring which at times approaches a very high degree of excellence.

Besides the vases and plaques, Lambeth faience is put to almost unlimited use in tiling. Round an open fire-place are faience panels representing seven scenes from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Touchstone and Audrey. In many other ways the uses to which tiling may be put are illustrated by the Messrs. DOULTON. Their exhibit is not only one of the largest, but, in showing the various forms of ceramic art, also one of the most comprehensive, in the entire Exhibition.

SPANISH POTTERY.

The specimens of Spanish pottery shown on page 933 are common water-coolers of red and white unglazed clay, and are interesting for their artistic shape and ornamentation. The cheapness of these articles is something marvelous, the price varying from five to twenty-five cents, according to size and ornamentation. They are all made at the town of La Rambla, in the province of Cordova. The water in them is cooled by the process of evaporation through the porous clay.

THE RUSSIAN BAZAR.

The Russian bazar in Agricultural Hall is a very picturesque structure, as may be seen by reference to our illustration on page 932. About it are displayed many interesting specimens of Russian manufactures—implements of agriculture, of the chase, models of sledges, household utensils, toys, musical instruments, etc.

A MEMORY FROM "THE HERMITAGE."

In the United States building, near the case containing relics of WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE, stands a small collection of articles from General JACKSON'S house, the Hermitage, contributed by Mr. DANIEL ADAMS, a well-known Tennessee engraver, to whom we are indebted for the sketch of this group on page 929. It comprises a hat rack of hickory and deer horns, two chairs made of hickory cut on the Hermitage grounds, and several interesting trophies of the chase. Among the latter is the brush of the red fox killed by JACKSON, after a chase of many miles, which resulted in the death of his favorite horse, "Jim Snow." The white horse tail which hangs from the rack opposite the fox brush is a relic of this renowned hunter.

A RAINY DAY AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE rain patters on the roof of the Main Building; it sounds like the roar of a great multitude. Inside, as you know to your cost, there is a great multitude, damp, steaming, water-proofed, and umbrellaed, packed in gangs in every corner, lunching from brown paper parcels, surging this way and that, but always good-humored. The pen of every ready writer in the country has described the wonders of the Exposition, but nobody says any thing about the crowds that come to wonder, themselves the strangest and most suggestive part of the show. What great master was it who once, for a freak, drew the same face through a whole series of cartoons—as prophet, beggar, saint, or scamp? Here is the freak reproduced a million times, the same man looking out of differing costumes of clothes, skin, race, religion, or circumstance. On a rainy day this aggressive human nature becomes oppressive to you as a nightmare; Corliss engine and Peruvian mummy are commonplace things beside it, and shrink out of notice. There never was such a school for forcing universal brotherhood upon you. Squire Potts, coming up to town, sees, for the first time in his life, his own five senses duplicated in his Swedish, or Russian, or Japanese kinsman. He finds that this other man, whom his primer taught him was a boor or a heathen, hoists his umbrella and winds his watch precisely as he does, has his wife and baby in the nursery at home, has his own notions, too, about liberty and honest government, is an adept in handicrafts beside which American machinery is blundering brute force, sends his boy to a better public school than that at Pottsville, and is a gentleman shaped by a finer code of manners than any the squire has known. The lesson is useful, but it is disagreeable.

One of the most prominent figures in the multitude on a rainy day is my friend the Philadelphia small housekeeper. She lives in one of our legions of red brick, marble-trimmed houses, is a neat, clean-stepping, firm-jawed little body, whose ambition is to hold a pious, genteel place in her clique, which she calls Society, to dress "in the style," and keep out of debt—all on an absurdly small income. The number of her tribe is a quarter of a million. Philadelphia, with its building societies and cheap markets, suits them better than would any hills of Beulah. She heard at first of this Centennial year and the incoming of all nations with a gasp of horror. Butter would be a dollar a pound! Men might talk of this culmination of the national glory, but she measured it by the price of potatoes. Not that she had an ignoble soul, either; but there were so many mouths in her own little nest to fill—always open mouths! Now that the year is almost over, let us do her justice, and acknowledge that she met the crisis sensibly and heartily. No matter how poor her house, she has had her guests, inviting them, according to the rule adopted this year by most Philadelphians, for a specified time. Parting and coming guests meet every where on the threshold. Talk of the hospitality of your robbing, open-handed Irish kings! This little woman raided on nobody, was often her own sole retainer, kept her score paid up at the corner grocery, and her hearth warm all the time. If she and her class had not opened their houses to guests and boarders, there was no possibility that the vast multitudes would be quietly absorbed, week after week, into the population, comfortably sheltered, fed, and sent away again. Much of the success of the Exposition is due to them.

She has her reward. Here she is, this rainy day, her linen duster snugly belted in, her neat sachel of lunch on her arm. She had a dozen sharp devices to get a seat on the horse-cars. There was an Arab on one side of her, an Italian on the other, two Chinamen opposite. Her black eyes took each one in. She did not miss a word of all the polyglot talk going on about her. This is different from decorous, church-going, market-going Philadelphia. The heavily weighted car lumbers and creaks slowly on. People pant for breath, but they joke and give way. It has been a summer for concessions and friendliness. There never, I am sure, was as good-humored a crowd gathered together. Our little woman makes her way at last to the gates, through a vast throng of cars and cabs and shrieking vendors of catalogues, pea-nuts, canes, and crucifixes. There are thousands of unprotected women like herself, from all parts of the States, pushing in, each with a keen sense of adventure unknown before in their humdrum lives. Our Philadelphian is ready with her kindly word of advice to the strangers. She points out the water-works and Girard College. She feels a pride in her city for the first time in her life. As for the palaces of the Exhibition, they are her show; she has a personal property in every one of them. She and the other single women meet us at every turn. They jog on from Peru to France, from New Jersey to Brazil, note-books in hand, asking interminable questions in shrill English or Ollendorff French, making the tour of the world in nine hours. No matter how ignorant they are, they will take something of the freshness and breadth of the world back into their homes with them. Our housekeeper will not be likely in future to measure great epochs in a country's history by the price of potatoes. If she did shiver at first like a crab dragged out of its shell into the open air, she has certainly grown like a crab to fill her new shell creditably and with ease.

The number of women who have come alone to the Exposition is one of the most noteworthy points about it. Thousands of poor teachers, farmers' daughters, young girls from the West and New England, with eager brains and almost empty pockets, come every week, take a room at some cheap neighboring hotel, and eat where and how they can. Just now a beautiful girl of twenty, plainly and daintily dressed, crosses the avenue through the rain, and goes to a stand where a crowd of men, black and white, are buying sandwiches for ten cents and hot potatoes for two. She buys her sandwich and brings it away. The men make way for her quietly, and close up again, munching their own luncheons. Nobody stares after her; nobody is surprised or thinks of her again. She is here to see the Exposition, and she has not much money; that is all there is of it. She is as secure of protection and courteous treatment as though she were the daughter of a millionaire out for an airing with her attendant *bonne*. Ah, messieurs our guests! you complain that the vulgar Americans do not rate art at its true value, that they finger your bronzes and punch their canes into your marbles; but if our pretty little girl were to set out alone to buy her cheap lunch in the Boulevard Montmartre or the Kohlmarkt, how would she be rated? and would she be sure of as careful treatment as if she were a bronze or a marble?

Squire Potts, and the shoe-maker from Kensington, and the black barber from South Street, passing by me, sniff contemptuously at Limoges faience, and dub Etruscan cystæ "old brass;" but as long as they treat the women in the horse-cars with the decent grave civility which is the rule of the country, I am by no means sure that they have not a finer, firmer basis than any other people for a comprehension some day of beauty and true art.

On the other hand, I am afraid that American women during this Exhibition have presumed a little too far upon their security with Americans. Their manners must appear to foreigners, especially to the lower class of exhibitors and attendants, startlingly free, and warranted only by the innocence of babyhood. A brilliant young beauty from New York has this moment seated herself beside a Turkish waiter in a café, and begun what looks very like a flirtation, to the amusement of her mother and aunts, looking affably on; and a sharp-nosed New Jersey matron is putting searching inquiries to a Chinese merchant as to his age, wife, children, and opinion of "Melican men." What either man may think of American women does not at all concern these ladies; pigtail and fez and gold-worked caftan make of their wearers a part of the show; the girl and the matron examine it as though it were a curious beetle, and quite overlook the human being inside.

The young girl does say, as she saunters away, "I wonder what he thinks of us?" as she might of a kangaroo looking through the bars of its cage.

Nothing in the buildings, by-the-way, is more amusing than this indomitable, impregnable self-conceit of the American, or comes before us with such frequent flashes of broad burlesque. It is the same irrational self-satisfaction which makes Squire Potts look down on every man who is not Squire Potts. A banker's wife from Chicago bridges her nose with her eyeglasses and looks at the marvelous Japanese bronze. "Really those poor creatures do this sort of thing very nicely," she says. If you tell her that the Japanese gentleman beside her belongs to a race which is laying a firmer grasp on science, art, and culture than any other, a race which but lately has made sacrifices for patriotism unequaled in history, she will believe you, but she will call them poor creatures still. They are not Chicagoans. Another woman halts before the pathetic figure of the mother and her dead child. "It would be really pitiful," she says, "if it were not so comical. Those queer Swedes, you know."

Our national superiority asserts itself in these ways more loudly on half-pay days, as is natural. After all, it is a cheap happiness, and why need we begrudge it to a man or a nation? That good fairy who always brought the best of luck to the new-born babe dropped, I have a shrewd suspicion, neither wit nor wealth nor worth into the cradle, but a tremendous lump of self-conceit, which would serve the youngster instead of all three, keep him as warm as a fire, and as safe from attacks as a suit of mail. Happy the people who are in such a case!

This rainy day is also the last half-pay day, and the buildings are consequently thronged. It is a mistake in the management to give up these cheap Saturdays, from pecuniary reasons. Mechanics and laborers from the city and all adjoining towns came on them, and hosts of children. To the great majority the Exhibition was a school, of which they made intelligent use. And it surely should be regarded by the Commissioners as a school, and not a money-making concern.

The great crowds on these days were found before the machines or the pictures. The first appealed directly to their business, the last to that dramatic sense which so few of our people lack. "Rizpah defending her Dead from the Birds of Prey," and the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," I think, are always the favorites, and it seems easy enough to find the reason. Every man and woman, though it be a footman and his wife, want to see these famous or royal personages in some crisis of life, so as to find that they are men and women like themselves.

"How she fights for her boys!" says a knock-kneed little man beside me. "Well, now, most women's made that way."

"Look at the Queen by herself, all in black at the wedding," an old woman cries, with tears in her own eyes. "Poor soul! she's thinking of him that's gone, I'll warrant you."

"It was very clever in her to send these pictures," I have heard a thousand times from all classes. The whole action of England in this little matter was friendly and graceful, and is heartily responded to by the masses who crowd to the Exposition. Going home, they will hereafter have a much clearer remembrance of the Queen's courtesy than of the fires of Bunker Hill.

It is noticeable that very few working-men come alone on these half-pay days. There is the whole family, the baby in its fine cap, the boys lugging a market-basket of lunch. Mother and father in their Sunday clothes, with that strained, anxious look they always wear on a holiday. It is quite true that many of them understand little, and are maybe a trifle bored. But they march up and down; stare at the foreigners, the pictures, the statues; listen to the bands and organs if the sun is shining; picnic in some shady nook in Lansdowne, with the wonderful belts of brilliantly colored flowers spread around them. What if they learn nothing? They have been taken out of the shop and kitchen into fairy-land for twenty-five cents. Fifty cents they could not afford, even for a day which they will remember all their lives.

The class just above them in culture is typically American. They mean to do the Exposition in the shortest time at the smallest expense, and to find out all that is to be found out in it. A thin school-boy planted himself just now in front of the Japanese Moku-me work. "How's it done? That is what *I* am going to find out." They all mean to find out how it's done—Satsuma-ware, India shawl, Doulton pottery, engraved gem—and they'll do it themselves presently, in a sham way, with machinery. The majority of these people, too, come to the show with a fierce resolution not to be humbugged. Suspicion is depicted on every feature. No foreigner shall cheat these free-born Americans. "I told you so!" said a woman to her friend to-day, pointing out a priceless vase of craquelé of the twelfth century. "That pot has been used! It's second-hand!"

I began to feel just then as if universal brotherhood was a very flimsy matter, when two other women came up and began to examine the stand of vases and lacquered work. They were middle-aged, commonplace in every way. One had her eyes shut, the other was speaking.

"Now, Mary Ann, it's raining very hard, and there is a high roof, mostly glass, and the sky is dark overhead, and the people are coming and going in the big building, and there are all kinds of splendid colors about us, and gold and silver and cloths and jewelry—never mind, dear, I'll tell you about every individual one of them. And we're standing just in front of a great green dragon of bronze: give me your hand."

Mary Ann drew back.

"I heard they would not allow it."

"They'll allow you, child. They'll like it."

And they did like it. The little mild-faced Japanese in the background came up and passed the blind woman's hand over some of his ware, and explained it in his broken English. And in the next department the surly Egyptian in his fez led her to the crocodile, and a dozen people were ready to describe the figures in Norway, and to make them real to her. And wherever she turned, some kindly souls understood at a glance the whole pathetic story, and were ready with a little help for her. Turk, Christian, Jew, they were all the kinsmen of the poor blind woman.

The day began to seem sunshiny and cheerful in this great World's Fair, although without the night was falling, and it was raining heavily.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CARITÀ.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

"CARA, I want to tell you something," said Oswald. "Look here, here is a comfortable chair. Never mind your aunt. My mother will take care of her. I never have you now, not for half a minute. If I were not in love with her, I should hate your aunt—she is always there. I never can manage to say a word to you."

This was said in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room after dinner. Of course it is needless to say that Mrs. Meredith, apprised of Miss Cherry's arrival, had immediately done her part of neighborly and friendly kindness by asking her to dine at once.

"Never! She has been here two days," said Cara.

"Two days is a very long time, especially when new thoughts are coming into one's mind, and new resolutions. I think we are all too worldly-minded, Cara. Life is a more serious thing than you and I have been thinking. A great revolution has occurred in my thoughts."

"Oh, Oswald! you have been hearing some great preacher; he has made you think. Who was it? I have so often heard of things like that. It must be my fault," said Cara, piteously; "it never has any effect upon me; but perhaps I never heard any one good enough."

"That is it," said Oswald. "It was not a preacher, but some one I met casually. I have made up my mind to be a great deal more in earnest—much more serious."

"Oh, Oswald, I am so glad! That was all you wanted to make you very, very nice. Quite what one wished."

"So you did not think me very, very nice, Cara? I flattered myself you did like me. For my part, I never criticised you, or thought any thing wanting. You were Cara—that was enough for me. I should have liked to think that simply because I was Oswald—"

"So it was. If I had not liked you because you were Oswald, should I ever have ventured to say *that* to you?" asked Cara, with a little indignation. "But you may be very fond of people, and yet see that something would make them still nicer. How happy your mother will be—and Edward—"

"Edward may go to Jericho!" said Oswald, with some indignation. "What right has he to set himself up as a judge of his elder brother? I can see with the back of my head that he is watching us now, and furious because I am talking to you. You are too gentle, Cara, and have too much consideration for him. A boy like that should be kept in his place; not but that he's a very good fellow when you don't bring him forward too much. I wrote a little thing last night that I want to read to you. Shall you be alone at twelve to-morrow if I come in? Do something with Aunt Cherry. Send her out shopping—all ladies from the country have shopping to do; or to her dentist, if that is what she has come to town for, poor dear old soul. But anyhow be alone, Cara, to-morrow. I want your opinion of my last poem. The subject is a face that I met by accident in the street—a complete Perugino, as if it had stepped out of a picture; though I don't know what it resembles most—one of the angels in that great picture in the Louvre, or a Madonna somewhere else—but such color and such sentiment! I want to read it to you, and to hear what you think."

"Yes, Oswald; but tell me about this other thing, this change in your mind."

"It is all the same thing; my heart is full of it. You think me mysterious, but I can't talk freely to-night with all these people so close round us. Listen, Cara," he said, approaching his face close to hers, and speaking in a half whisper of profoundest confidentialness—"listen, I want your sympathy. I think I have arrived at a crisis in my life."

This little group was watched by more than one pair of eyes, and with very varied feelings. The party consisted of Mr. Beresford, Miss Cherry, and the old friend of the Meredith family, who attended all Mrs. Meredith's receptions, Mr. Seton. And of all the spectators, Mr. Beresford was perhaps the only one who did not cast a glance and a thought toward the two young people so distinctly isolating themselves from the rest in their corner. Mr. Seton looked at them with a sort of chuckle, reflecting that, as the only child of her father, Cara was no doubt well worth the trouble; and that, at this moment at least, the idle Oswald was not losing his time. Mrs. Meredith glanced at them with a soft pride and sympathetic pleasure in what she considered her son's happiness; a pleasure unmarred by the thought that her other son was rendered any thing but happy by this spectacle. But the two whose minds were absorbed by the scene, and who scarcely could even make a pretense of attending to any thing else, were Miss Cherry and Edward Meredith. Poor Edward sat behind backs with a book in his hand, but he never turned over the leaf. All that he was capable of seeing for the moment was his brother's shoulders, which were turned to him, and which almost shut out the view of Cara, who was sitting on a little sofa fitted into a corner, separated entirely from the rest of the party by Oswald, who sat in front of her with his back turned to the others, leaning forward to talk to her. More than the habitual suppressed sense that his brother was preferred to him in every thing was the feeling in Edward's mind now. This time he was disappointed as well as wounded. Edward had been more light-hearted, more self-confident, than he had ever been known to be in his life before, since the conversation with Cara which has been recorded in this history. He had thought then that at last he had found some one who was capable of judging between Oswald and himself, and of understanding that all the good was not on one side. When Cara had spoken of the difference between those who talked of themselves, and those whose minds were open to the troubles of others, Edward's heart had danced with sudden pleasure. She had made the unfailing comparison between them which Edward felt every body made, and she had not thrown herself, as most of the world did (he thought), entirely on Oswald's side. Alas, poor Edward! what was he to think now? He sat and watched with indescribable feelings while this little scene arranged itself, feeling it intolerable, yet incapable of doing any thing to prevent it. Had her feelings changed, then; or had she only spoken so to please him, not meaning it, adopting the doubtful practice—very doubtful, though St. Paul seems to recommend it—of being all things to all men? Edward suffered sometimes from seeing his mother do this; must he find the same in *her* too? The thought was bitter to him. With his book held, he did not know how, in his hands, he watched the pair. Oswald bent forward close to her, talking low so that she only could hear, shutting out the rest of the people in the room, the rest of the world, how many soever and how important they might have been, appropriating her altogether to himself; and Cara yielded to it, and smiled, and showed no displeasure. Could this mean any thing but one thing? Perhaps some passing lovers' quarrel had disturbed the equilibrium of affairs between them, when she spoke to Edward as she had done, and raised his hopes. Perhaps. But why speculate on any thing so little encouraging? It threw him down, as it were, at a plunge from those airy and lovely heights of youthful possibility, where Oswald had always preceded him, gleaning every thing that was most desirable. It seemed to Edward that he had never cared for any thing in his life but Cara—her sweet "friendship," as the young man called it, her appreciative understanding of him which he had read in her eyes: surely the elder brother, who had all the success and all the social happiness for his portion, might have spared him this. It was the rich man and the poor man over again. Oswald was welcome to any thing but Cara. And yet he had come out of his way to pluck this one flower which Edward had hoped might be for him. His heart sank as he watched them, down, down, to unimaginable depths. Oswald would not care for her as he would have done. She would but be a flower the more to the elder brother, whereas to Edward she would have been every thing. No doubt he was talking to her now of himself, his own prowess, and what he had done or was going to do. Herself and how she was feeling would drop as things unworthy consideration; but Edward would have made them the chief, the most interesting topics—he would have forgotten himself to set her high above all others. Was this the way of the world, of which so much was written in books and sung in poetry? The book trembled in Edward's hand, and his heart suddenly swelled and filled with a sick and bitter discontent.

All this happened because Oswald Meredith, having arrived, as he said, at a crisis in his life, and being one of the people to whom a confidante is needful, had chosen to elect Cara, with whom, up to the time of meeting his Perugino Agnes, he had been half in love. On their part—so easily are people deceived—not a soul in the room could have believed it possible that the love which he was whispering in Cara's ear was love for somebody else; nor, indeed, so limited were the communications which were possible with so many people close about them, had Cara herself any clear idea on the subject. That he had something to tell her was certain, and she had almost pledged herself to get Aunt Cherry out of the way, and see him alone next day to receive his confidence. And no fluttering of Cara's heart, no reluctance to give this promise, or excitement about this explanation, complicated the matter as far as she was concerned. The two who gave rise to all these speculations—to the misery in Edward's heart and the joy in Miss Cherry's—were the two calmest people in the room, and the least occupied by this interview which had made them the observed of all observers. After a while Mrs. Meredith called to Cara (with a little compunction at disturbing Oswald in his happiness, but for the moment that very evident exhibition of it had lasted long enough, the kind mother thought), and made her come out of her corner and sing. And Oswald went with her to the piano, where the lights were dim as usual, and where her sweet, floating young voice rose up, not too close nor too much in the centre of every thing, the very luxury of drawing-room performances. The elder people might talk, if they were so disposed, without disturbing the singer, or might stop and listen when a high pure tone floated upward like a bird into the skies, and enjoy the momentary ecstasy of it without formal attention to every bar. She sang: "If he upbraid," and "Bid me discourse," those twin melodies and those flowing fragments of the divine Ariel which seem to breathe fragrance as well as sweetness to the ear. Miss Cherry knew the songs by heart; had she not played the accompaniments till her fingers ached, and "practiced" them over and over, till the young voice got familiar with them to that height of delicious perfection? But she sat and listened now as if she had never heard them before—asking herself was this not a sweeter, more exquisite tone, born of love and happiness, in Cara's voice. As for Edward, poor fellow, he never budged from his seat, and never put down his book—of which, however, he had not read a line. She was Oswald's now and not his. He did not know why it was that this disappointment, this desertion, gave him so deep a pang; for he had not been thinking about love, nor had he any experience in it. One more had gone over to Oswald's side, but somehow the whole world on Edward's did not feel as if it would balance that one. Why should he listen to those notes that seemed to tear his heart? He would have done all that for Cara that her song declared her ready to do—was it for Oswald? Answered her upbraiding with unresentful smiles, and thought her looks, however angry, to be like morning roses washed in dew. All that he could have done; but it was Oswald her looks were for, and not for him. Poor boy! he sat with his book before his face, paying no attention as it seemed, but hearing and seeing every thing. And at the end of every song came a little murmur of their voices as they consulted what the next was to be. The prettiest group, he stooping over her finding her music for her, and the gleam of the candles on the piano making a spot of light about her pretty head and white dress. But Edward would not look, though he seemed to have a picture of them painted upon the blackest of backgrounds in his heart.

Miss Cherry was so led astray from the object of her special mission that she scarcely observed that her brother lingered behind them when they left the house, and in the flurry of finding Oswald at her side as they went down the steps of one house and up the steps of the other, no very lengthened pilgrimage, overlooked altogether the fact that Mr. Beresford had staid behind. Her heart was beating far more tumultuously than Cara's, which, indeed, was calm enough, as they went up stairs. The lights were out in the drawing-room, and the two went up to Miss Cherry's room, where the fire was burning cheerfully. Cara stood before the fire with her little white cloak dropping from her shoulders, and the ruddy glow warming her whiteness, the very image and type of exquisite half-childish maidenhood to the kind eyes which saw her through such soft tears.

"Oh, my darling," said Miss Cherry, "surely you will tell me now. I don't want to thrust myself into your confidence, Cara. I have not said a word, though I have been thinking of nothing else; but oh, my sweet! after to-night you will surely tell me now."

Miss Cherry had moisture in her eyes. She was breathless and panting with eagerness and with the hurry of running up stairs. The color went and came as if she had been the heroine of the romance, and, indeed, she looked a great deal more like the heroine of a romance than Cara did, who turned upon her, calm but wondering, the serenity of her blue eyes.

"Tell you what, Aunt Cherry? Of course I will tell you any thing that happens; but what is there to tell?"

"You don't expect me to be blind?" said Miss Cherry, almost crying in her disappointment; "what I see with my own eyes I can't be deceived in. And do you think I am so stupid or so old, or, oh, Cara, so indifferent, as not to see every thing that concerns my darling's happiness? You can not do me such injustice as that."

"But what is it that concerns my happiness?" said the girl, with a tranquil smile. "Did any thing happen that I don't know of? I don't know any thing about it for my part."

Miss Cherry paused and looked at her with something like offended dignity. "Cara, this is not like you," she said. "Did I not see him following you about every where—shutting you up in the corner to talk to you? Ah, my dear, nothing can deceive anxious eyes like mine; and there is no harm in it that you should hesitate to tell me. I should be only too happy to know, and so would Aunt Charity, that you had escaped all the uncertainties of life by an early suitable marriage—a marriage of pure love."

"Marriage!" Cara's face grew crimson, for the word came forth faltering in a tremor half of shame, half of laughter. "Aunt Cherry, what can you be thinking of? There is nothing, nothing of the kind. Oh, would you believe that I could do such a thing? There! You are laughing at me."

"Cara, I never, never laugh on such subjects. They are far, far too important and serious. A girl's whole future might be ruined by getting frightened or laughing at the wrong time. Oh, my Cara, don't take it too lightly! If Oswald Meredith has not asked you, it is only for want of an opportunity; perhaps he thought it too public to-night, and so it was. I should not have liked him to ask you to-night," said Miss Cherry, crying once more. "It was not private enough. But he will do it the first opportunity; of that I am as sure as that I'm living. Didn't he ask you—he must have asked you—to see him to-morrow?"

"Aunt Cherry, you are mistaken. I know you are mistaken," said Cara, growing as pale as she had been red. The arrow shot at a venture had flown straight to the very mark. "Indeed, indeed," she faltered, "I assure you he doesn't mean any thing of the sort."

"He asked you to see him to-morrow?" said Miss Cherry, delighted by her success.

"He asked me certainly if I would be at home to-morrow; but he often does—he often comes. Aunt Cherry, do believe me. It is not that, not that at all, whatever it is."

"My dearest," said Miss Cherry, with great dignity, "I know how people look when that is what is in their minds. You think I have had no experience, and so many people suppose. One does not brag of such things. But, Cara, I hope you will not allow yourself to be taken by surprise as—well, as I was. I sometimes think if I had only had some one to say to me, dear—" Miss Cherry went on, with fresh tears coming into her mild eyes, "You should think a great deal, and be very sure of your own feelings before you spoil a young man's life for him. A girl does that sometimes out of simple want of thought, and because she is startled. I could tell you of such a thing happening—and how I—she was sorry after, but never had it in her power to mend it. Oh, Cara, my darling, it is a very serious thing to spoil another's life!"

"Aunt Cherry, but you are wrong. I am quite sure you are wrong," said Cara, trembling. She could not help feeling a certain awe at the idea of this sudden power which seemed to be thrust into her hands, and yet it was too incredible to affect her profoundly. "Oswald is not like that," she said, "even if he meant it. He is not so serious, he does not feel so strongly." But then Cara herself paused, uncertain, thinking of the revolution in his thoughts of which he had told, the crisis in his life.

"Ah, Cara, even while you are speaking to me your view changes; you see the truth of what I say. Oh, think of it, my dear, and pray to God to direct you! It is not a thing to laugh about, as so many people do. Good-night, my darling, good-night! I must not talk any more, or I shall say more than I want to say, and it ought to be all left to your own feelings. Run away, run away, my own child, and think it over, and judge for yourself."

Cara withdrew with a little nervous shiver, drawing her cloak round her. The seriousness of this appeal overawed the girl. That she should plunge out of her almost childhood into this serious crisis upon which so much depended seemed incredible. She had scarcely turned away from the door when Miss Cherry put out her head again.

"Cara, just one word. If there should be difficulties, I will stand by you. You shall not be crossed in any thing that is for your happiness. We have plenty for you both. Good-night, my darling, good-night."

This did not ease Cara's mind as Miss Cherry intended, but only bewildered her. She stood for a moment wondering, till the door was closed again and her aunt disappeared. What did she mean? Difficulties to be surmounted which could make it comforting to know that there was plenty for both had not occurred to Cara's mind, which, indeed, went not a step beyond the present dilemma. Could it be true? Awe, wonder, fright, contended in her mind with a suppressed sense of amusement which Cara thought wicked. Could Oswald feel so gravely, so deeply, as Aunt Cherry thought? It did not seem possible. And could it be homely Cara who was the object of so serious a sentiment? Her little head seemed to go round and round as she tried to think. She dropped upon the hearth-rug before the fire, kneeling, putting out her small hands to the warmth. Emotion is always chilly, and the effort of thinking upon such a wonderful subject made Cara shiver. She began to put things together, to remember the unusual warmth with which Mrs. Meredith embraced her, the strange look Edward gave her. When she remembered Edward's look Cara grew colder than ever, and felt disposed to cry, she could not tell why. That, then, was what they all believed, not Aunt Cherry alone, who was romantic, but every body—and poor Edward! Cara felt a sudden pang go through her heart. Why did Edward look at her so seriously, so pitifully? Was it only sympathy for what was going to happen? Was it— But Oswald—then she felt disposed to laugh—could Oswald have any thing so serious, any thing so solemn in his thoughts? To be sure, he had spoken mysteriously of a revelation, a revolution. Cara did not know what to think. She was so young that the idea of any one being "in love" with her gave a strange thrill of half-alarmed, half-wondering excitement to her being. Was it possible that some one thought of a little girl like herself as of Una, or Rosalind? A little laugh, frightened and faltering, broke from her unawares; and then she blushed crimson and was horrified with herself. Laugh! on such a subject! Her heart began to beat. Her head turned round. What could she say to him, what must she do, if it was this that was in Oswald's thoughts?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LUCKNOW BIDREE WORKER.

American visitors to the East Indian Government Museum at South Kensington, England, have been interested in the small life-like figures of native artisans at work in their different branches of industry, using implements of primitive simplicity, but with an air of skillful mastery and dexterity which one could not refuse to admire. Such a characteristic example is the old fellow represented in the illustration on page 936, a worker in gold and silver plate in the city of Lucknow; his principal tool is the chasing-hammer, by which he beats out the thin metal into a variety of ornamental shapes and relieved or embossed decorations. The beauty of the work produced by this manual application has always been highly appreciated throughout the Eastern world. It is known as bidree, or biddery, ware.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Unsolved Problem.—All the great problems of Nature are not yet solved. One of the most interesting is how a woman can hold her mouth full of hair-pins while she is doing up her back hair, and at the same time impart to her husband exact and valuable information in a loud voice concerning the undesirability of his dropping his cigar ash on the carpet.

Uncomplimentary.—A gentleman who had married a second time indulged in recurring too often in conversation to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. "Excuse me, madam," said he, "I can not help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." "Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

One for Teacher.—A school-master tells the following good one: "I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. 'Is this the dunce block?' I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, 'I suppose so; the teacher always sits on it.' The stool was unoccupied that term."

A gentleman who had tarried late at his club found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. She said, "Here I've been waiting, and rocking in the chair till my head spins round like a top." "Jess so, wife, where I've been," responded he; "it is in the atmosphere."

A man with four wives was brought before a Dutch justice for commitment on a charge of bigamy. "Four vives," exclaimed the astonished Hans—four vives? Dat vas a most hinocious crime! Discharch him at vonst." "Why," protested the prosecutor—"why discharge him, when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I ecksplains. Off he lif mit four vives he got bunishment enough. I lif mit von, und I got doo much bunishment already."

"Did she return your love?" inquired a sympathizing friend of a young man, who intimated that he had had some difficulty with his sweetheart. "Yes, she returned it, and that is exactly what the trouble is. She said she didn't want it."

Omitted Facts.—You will search the history of the ancient Jews in vain for an instance of a man's clawing around in the dark after a boot-jack to throw at a cat. It is the absence of these little details that makes the history of the ancient Jews so uninteresting.

By "The Governor."—It's hard work to keep your sons in check while they're young; it's harder still to keep 'em in checks when they grow older.

"That stove saves half the fuel," said an iron-monger. "Faix, thin, I'll take two of thim, and save it all," replied his customer.

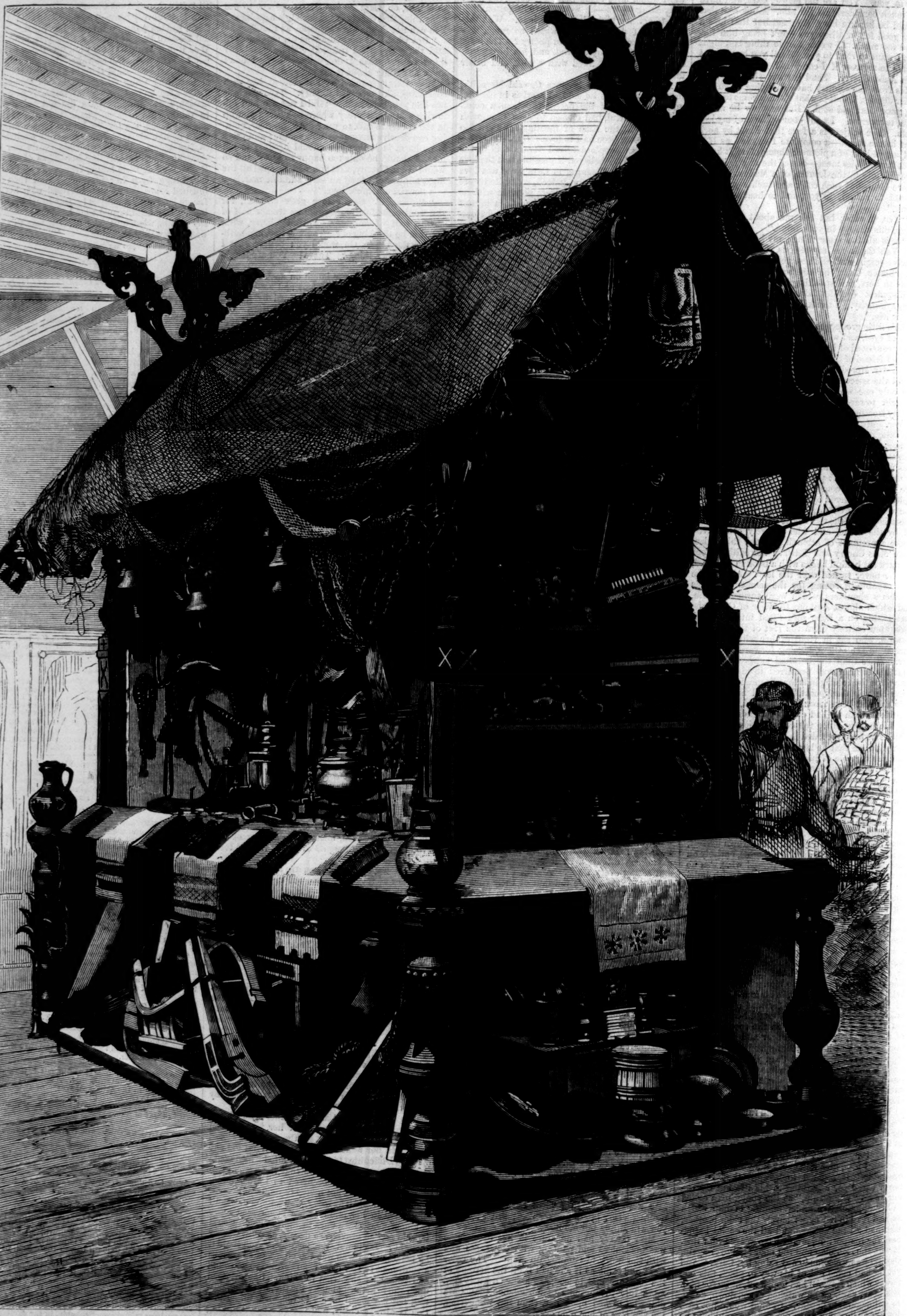
The youthful Mind.—It is difficult to explain the workings of the youthful mind. A boy who will listen indifferently to the sublimest truths of theology, will be aroused to the acutest interest by the progress of a caterpillar over the collar of a bald-headed man in the pew in front of him.

The favorite Flower for Wedding Bonnets—Mary-gold.

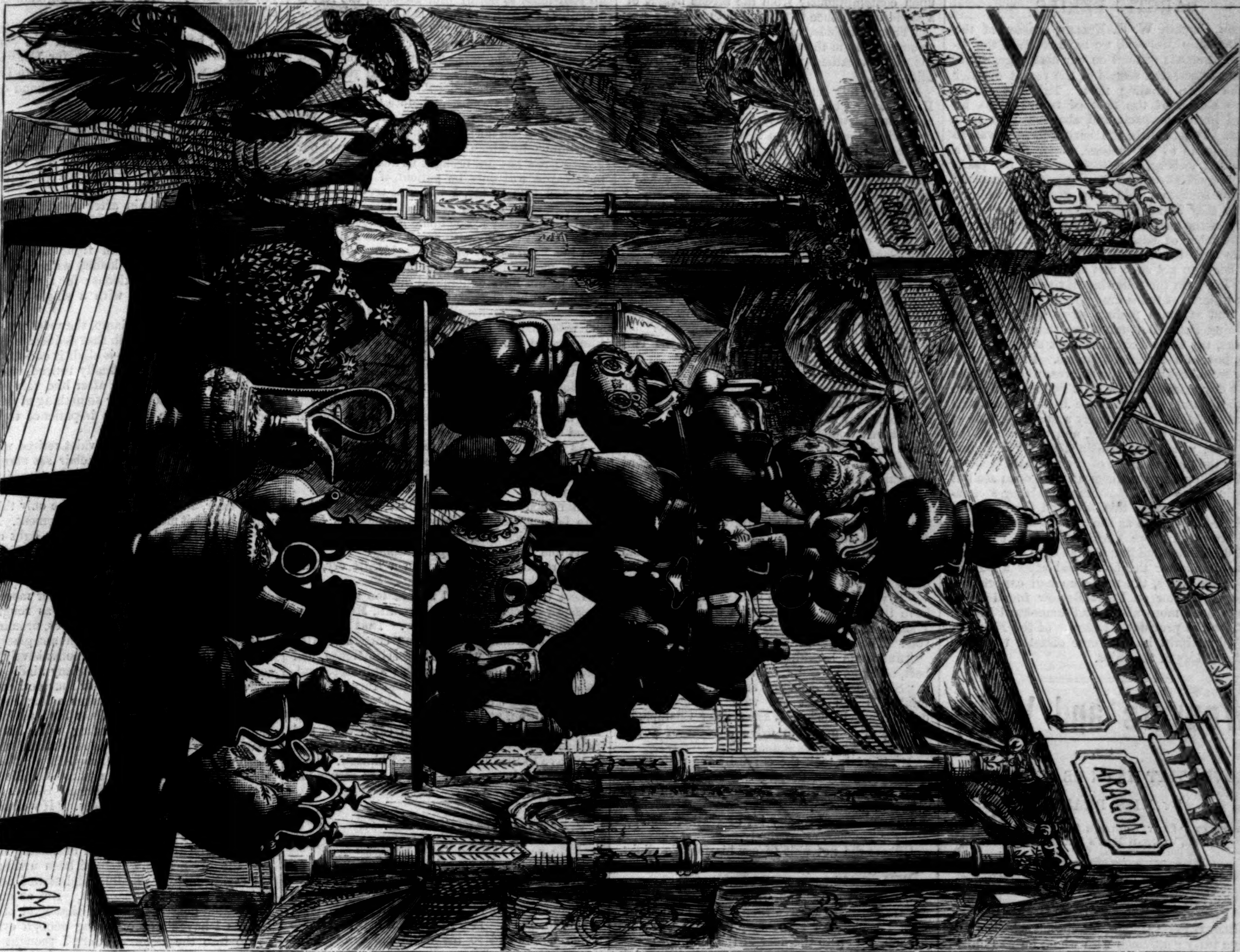
A printer invariably gets out of sorts when he reaches the bottom of his case.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?—Because it is farthest from the *bark*.

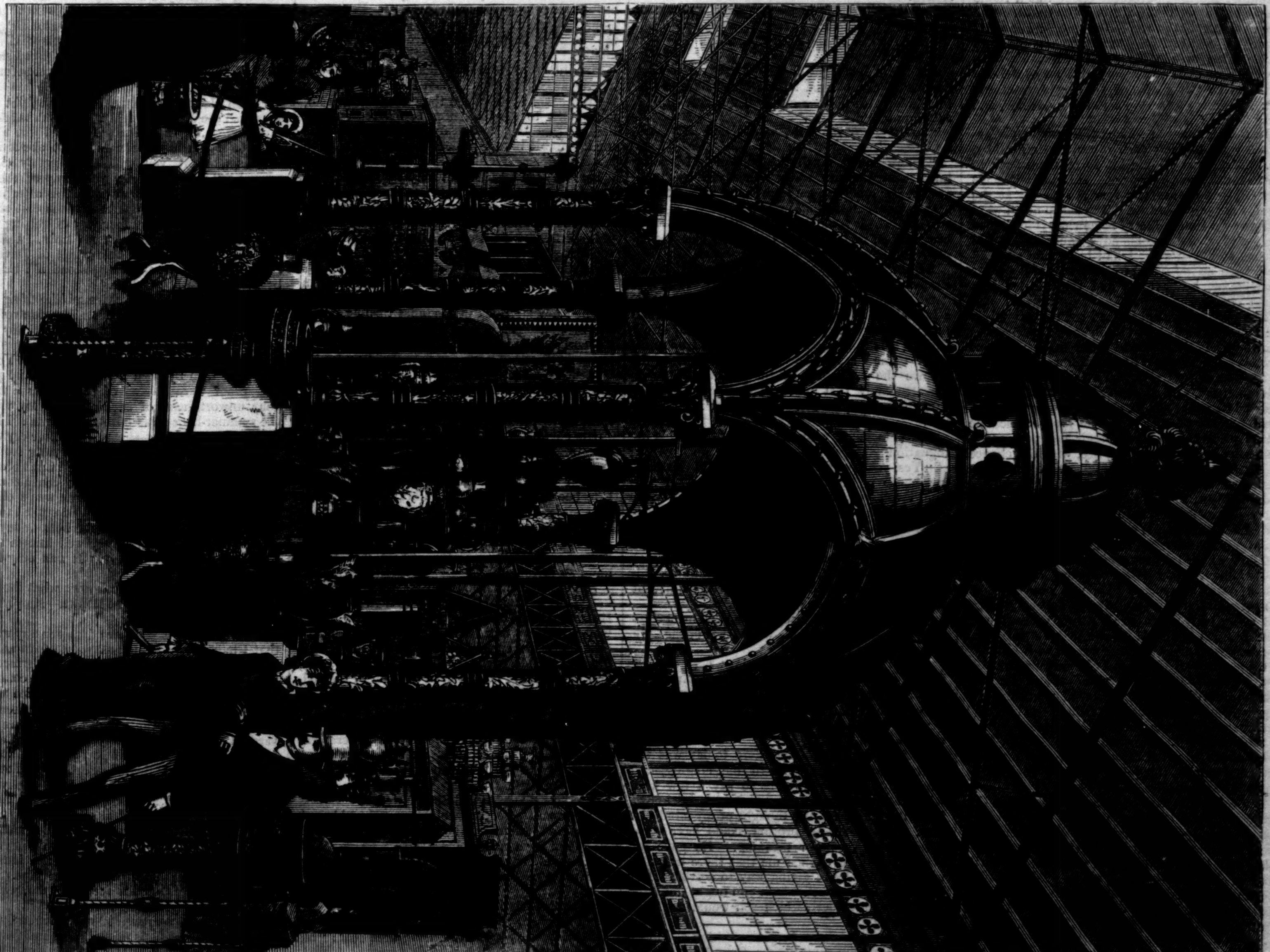
A large Mouth.—She led him to a sofa, and in a deep bass voice called him her soul's idol, and inquired what his monthly income was. Seeing his gaze fixed on her boa-constrictor-like mouth, she remarked: "Darling, I see you notice my large and beautiful potato-trap; let me explain to you the reason of its unusual size. When I was quite a child I was playing on pappy's cellar door; it gave way; I was precipitated down into the basement, and caught by the mouth on a projecting meat-hook, which ripped up my face and extended my mouth several inches." With his eyes full of sympathetic tears he rose from the sofa, and replied, as he made toward the door, "My angel, you are perhaps mistaken. Probably, in the excitement of that awful moment, you left your mouth down in the basement, and accidentally brought up the cellar. We shall meet again in a better world. Adieu."



THE CENTENNIAL—RUSSIAN BAZAR, AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.—Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 929.]



THE CENTENNIAL—SPANISH WATER JARS, MAIN BUILDING.—Drawn by C. H. Vanderhoof.—[See Page 929.]



THE CENTENNIAL—LAMBETH FAIENCE, MAIN BUILDING.—Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 929.]

ARCTIC PERILS.

From Captain W. H. Kelley, master of the whaling ship *Marengo*, we have received the series of sketches printed on our first page, representing successive scenes of the recent disaster to the arctic whaling fleet. The first sketch shows eleven of the fleet of twelve ships inclosed in the ice-pack and abandoned by their crews. The twelfth, the bark *Florence*, was so fortunate as to get inshore, under the lee of a grounded iceberg, and thus escaped the pack. The second sketch shows the crews encamped on the southeast side of a grounded iceberg, where they found shelter from the bitter wind. Many of the men were utterly worn out with the severe labor of hauling the boats and carrying packs over the broken ice, and lay down under the boats to get such rest as they could on the bare ice. On the following day they made their way to land, at times dragging the boats over the ice, and at times finding strips of water. On reaching Point Barrow, where there is a native village, the shipwrecked men set about building two houses for winter-quarters. In this labor they were assisted by the natives, who lent them their dog teams to draw drift lumber to the site of the houses, and otherwise treated them with great kindness. Fortunately a northeast gale at length moved the pack ice, and the crew of the *Florence*, which had remained snugly anchored under the protecting lee of the grounded iceberg, had nothing between them and the open sea but a strip of ground ice. With great labor a channel was cut through this strip and the bark was liberated. As soon as she was out in open water the crews on shore were signaled to come on board. House-building was at once abandoned, a rush made for the boats, and after a pull of about ten miles, the men who had expected to pass the winter on Point Barrow found themselves once more afloat and homeward bound. But for the providential escape of the *Florence*, we might have had a worse disaster to record than the loss of the ships.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "A Strange World," "Dead Men's Shoes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BALCONY SCENE.

Gilbert Sinclair and his chosen set—the half dozen turfy gentlemen with whom he was united by the closest bond of sympathy—had spent this December morning agreeably enough at a rustic steeple-chase nine miles from Davenant. The race was an event of the most insignificant order—unchronicled in Ruff—but there was pleasure in the drive to and fro on Mr. Sinclair's drag through the keen frosty air, with an occasional diversion in the shape of a flying snow-storm, which whitened the men's rough overcoats, and hung on their beards and whiskers.

Just at the hour in which Sir Cyprian and Constance were bidding each other a long good-by, Mr. Sinclair was driving his sorrel team back to Davenant at a slashing pace. He and his friends had enjoyed themselves very thoroughly at the homely farmers' meeting. The sharp north wind had given a keen edge to somewhat jaded appetites, and game pie, anchovy sandwiches, cold grouse, and boar's head had been duly appreciated, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of dry Champagne, bitter beer, and Copenhagen Kirschen Wasser.

The gentlemen's spirits had been improved by the morning's sport, and the homeward drive was hilarious. It was now between three and four o'clock. There would be time for a quiet smoke, or a game at pyramids, and a fresh toilet before afternoon tea, opined such of the gentlemen as still held by that almost exploded superstition, a taste for ladies' society. The more masculine spirits preferred to smoke their Trabucas or Infantas by the harness-room fire, with the chance of getting the "straight tip" out of somebody else's groom.

James Wyatt was the only member of the party whose spirits were not somewhat unduly elated, but then Mr. Wyatt was an outsider, only admitted on sufferance into that chosen band, as a fellow who might be useful on an emergency, and whom it was well to "square" by an occasional burst of civility. He was one of those dangerous men who are always sober, and find out every body else's weak points without ever revealing his own. He was Sinclair's *âme damnée*, however, and one must put up with him.

Gilbert was driving, with Sir Thomas Houndslow, a gentleman of turf celebrity, and late captain of a cavalry regiment, next him, smoking furiously, while Mr. Wyatt sat behind the two, and joined freely in their conversation, which inclined to the boisterous. How calm that smooth, level voice of his sounded after the strident tones of his companions, thickened ever so slightly by Champagne and Kirschen Wasser!

The chief talk was of horses—the sorrels Gilbert was now driving—the horses they had seen that morning—with an inexhaustible series of anecdotes about horses that had been bought and sold, and bred, and exchanged, including the story of a rheumatic horse, which was a splendid goer in his intervals of good health, and was periodically sold by his owner, and taken back again at half-price when the fit came on.

James Wyatt admired the landscape, an enthusiasm which his companions looked down upon contemptuously from the serene height of a stolid indifference to art and nature.

"There's a glade," cried the solicitor, pointing to an opening in the undulating woodland, where the snow-wreathed trees are like a picture of fairy-land.

"Pretty tidy timber," assented Sir Thomas Houndslow; "but for my part I could never see any thing in trees to go into raptures about, except when you've sold 'em to a timber merchant. Shouldn't like to see cremation come into fashion, by-the-bye. It would spoil the coffin trade and depreciate the value of my elms and oaks."

As they approached Marchbrook Mr. Wyatt began to talk about the Benedictines and their vanished monastery. He had found out all about it in the county history—its founder, the extent of its lands, the character of its architecture.

"That avenue must be six hundred years old," he said, as they came in sight of the tall elms.

"By Jove! that's queer," cried Sir Thomas, pulling out his race glass. "A fellow jumped out of that balcony, like Romeo in the play."

"Except that Romeo never scaled the balcony," said Mr. Wyatt.

"That summer-house belongs to Davenant, doesn't it, Gilbert? Our friend's mode of exit suggests a flirtation between one of your guests and somebody at Marchbrook."

"There's nobody at Marchbrook but old Clanyarde and Sir Cyprian Davenant," said Sir Thomas, "and I'll lay any odds you like it wasn't Lord Clanyarde jumped off that balcony."

Gilbert took the glass from his friend's hand without a word. The man who had jumped off the balcony was still in sight, walking at a leisurely pace across the wide alley of turf between the two rows of trees. The glass brought him near enough for recognition, and Mr. Sinclair had no doubt as to his identity.

"If you lay on to those leaders like that, you'll have this blessed machine in a ditch," cried Sir Thomas Houndslow. "What's the matter with you? The horses are stepping like clock-work."

"Juno was breaking into a canter," said Gilbert, coloring. "Quiet, old lady; steady, steady."

"*She's* steady enough," said Sir Thomas; "I think it's you that are wild. Memorandum, don't drink Kirschen Wasser after Champagne when you're going to drive a team of young horses."

Mr. Sinclair took the curve by the park gates in excellent style, despite this insinuation, and pulled up before the old Gothic porch with workman-like precision.

"That's a very pretty bit of feather-edging," said Sir Thomas, approvingly.

Gilbert did not wait to see his friends alight, but flung the reins to one of the grooms, and walked off without a word to any one.

He was at the summer-house ten minutes afterward, flushed and breathless, having run all the way. A flight of stone steps, moss-grown and broken, led up to the door of the temple.

Gilbert Sinclair tried the door and found it locked.

"Is there any one in there?" he asked, shaking the crazy old door savagely.

"Who is that?" inquired Constance.

"Your husband."

He heard her light footsteps coming toward the door. She opened it, and faced him on the threshold, with neither surprise nor fear in her calm, questioning face.

"Is there any thing the matter, Gilbert? Am I wanted?"

"There is not much the matter, and I don't know that you are wanted in my house," answered her husband, savagely. "It seems to me that your vocation is elsewhere."

His flushed face, the angry light in his red-brown eyes, told her that there was meaning in his reply, incomprehensible as it seemed.

"I don't understand you, Gilbert. What has happened to make you angry?"

"Not much, perhaps. It's bad form to make a fuss about it. But I am vulgar enough to think that when my wife plays Juliet to somebody else's Romeo, it is time she should call herself by some other name than mine, which she disgraces. I admire the innocence of that astonished look. Unfortunately that piece of finished acting is thrown away upon me. I saw your lover leave you."

"Mr. Sinclair!" with a look of unspeakable indignation.

"Yes, your gentle Romeo forgot that this summer-house is seen from the high-road. I saw him, I tell you, woman—I saw him leap down from the balcony—identified him with my field-glass—not that I had any doubt who your visitor was."

"I am sorry that you should be so angry at my seeing an old friend for a few minutes, Gilbert, and that you should make so very innocent an act an excuse for insulting me."

"An old friend—a friend whom you meet clandestinely—in an out-of-the-way corner of the park—with locked doors."

"I have spent all my mornings here of late. I lock my door in order to be undisturbed, so that any body happening to come this way may believe the summer-house empty."

"Any one except Sir Cyprian Davenant. He would know better."

"Sir Cyprian's presence here to-day was the merest accident. He heard me singing, and climbed up to the balcony to say a few kind words about my bereavement, which he knows to be the one absorbing thought of my mind just now. No friend, no brother, could have come with kinder or purer meaning. He gave me good advice; he warned me that there was selfishness and folly in giving way to sorrow. Not one word was spoken which you might not have freely heard, Gilbert, which you would not have approved."

"Could any woman in your position say less? You all sing the same song. Once having made up your mind to betray your husband, the rest is a matter of detail, and there is a miserable sameness in the details. Do you think any thing you can say—oaths, tears—will ever convince me that you did not come here on purpose to meet that man, or that he came here to preach you a sermon upon your duty to me?"

"Gilbert, as I stand here, before God who sees and hears me, I have told you the truth. We have made a sad mistake in marrying; there are few things in which we sympathize; even our great sorrow has not brought us nearer together; but if you will only be patient, if you will be kind and true to me, I will still try even more earnestly than I have done yet to make you a good wife, to make your home life happy."

She came to him with a sad sweet smile, and laid her hand gently on his shoulder, looking up at him with earnest eyes, full of truth and purity, could he but have understood their meaning.

Alas! to his dogged, brutal nature purity like this was incomprehensible. Facts were against his wife, and he had no belief in her to sustain him against the facts. The lion of fable might recognize Una's purity and lie down at her feet, but Gilbert Sinclair was a good deal more like the lion of reality, a by no means magnanimous beast, who waits till he can pounce upon his enemy alone in a solitary corner, and has a prudent dread of numbers.

As the little hand alighted tremulously on his breast, Gilbert Sinclair raised his clinched fist.

"Let me alone," he cried. "You've made your choice."

And then came a word which had never before been spoken in Constance Sinclair's hearing, but which some instinct of her woman's heart told her meant deepest infamy.

She recoiled from him with a little cry, and then fell like a log at his feet.

Lest that brutal word should too weakly express an outraged husband's wrath, Mr. Sinclair had emphasized it with a blow. That muscular fist of his, trained in many an encounter with professors of the noble art of self-defense, had been driven straight at his wife's white forehead, and nothing but the man's blind fury had prevented the blow being mortal.

In intention, at least, he had been for the moment a murderer. His breath came thick and fast as he stood over that lifeless form.

"Have I killed her?" he asked himself. "She deserves no better fate. But I had rather kill *him*."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CYPRIAN'S VISITOR.

Sir Cyprian Davenant left Marchbrook an hour after his interview with Constance Sinclair. He sent his man home with the portmanteaus and gun cases, and went straight to his club, where he dined. It was between eight and nine when he walked to his chambers through the snowy streets. The walk through the rough weather suited his present temper. He could have walked many a mile across a Yorkshire moor that night in the endeavor to walk down the anxious thoughts that crowded upon his mind.

His interview with Constance—like all such meetings between those whom Fate has irrevocably parted—had deepened the gloom of his soul, and added to the bitterness of his regrets. It had brought the past nearer to him, and made the inevitable harder to bear than it had seemed yesterday.

He had seen all the old loveliness in the innocent face, changed though it was. He had heard all the old music in the unforgotten voice. To what end? That brief greeting across the iron grate of Destiny's prison-house only made it more agonizing to think of the long future in which these two, who had so met and touched hands across the gulf, must live their separated lives in silent patience.

The snow lay thick in the quiet turning out of the Strand. There was a hansom standing at the corner by Sir Cyprian's chambers, the horse hanging his head with a dejected air under his whitened rug, the man stamping up and down the pavement, and flapping his arms across his chest. The cab must have been waiting some time, Sir Cyprian thought idly.

His chambers were on the first floor, large and lofty rooms facing the river. Since his inheritance of Colonel Gryffin's fortune he had indulged himself with that one luxury dear to men who love books, a well-arranged library. This bachelor *pied-à-terre* suited him better than lodgings in a more fashionable quarter. It was central, and out of the way of his fashionable acquaintance—an ineligible feature which was to his mind an attraction.

Sir Cyprian admitted himself with his latch-key, and went up the dimly lighted staircase. He opened the outer door of his library, within which massive oak barrier there hung a heavy crimson cloth curtain, shutting out noise and draught. This curtain had been dragged aside, and left hanging in a heap at one end of the rod, in a very different style from the usual neat arrangement of folds left by the middle-aged valet.

The room was almost in darkness, for the fire had burned low upon the hearth. There was just light enough to show Sir Cyprian a figure sitting by the fire in a brooding attitude, alone, and in the dark.

"Who's that?" asked Sir Cyprian.

The man started up, a big man, tall and broad-shouldered, whom for the first moment Sir Cyprian took for a stranger.

"I should have thought you would have known Constance Sinclair's husband any where," said the intruder. "You and I have good reason to remember each other."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sinclair," Cyprian answered, quietly, without noticing the sneer; "but as I do not possess the gift of seeing in the dark, you can hardly wonder at my being slow to recognize you."

He was not going to invite a quarrel with this man—nay, he would rather avoid one even at some loss of personal dignity, for Constance's sake. He went up to the hearth, where Gilbert had resumed his seat, and put his hand on the bell.

"Don't ring for lights," said Sinclair. "What I have to say can be said in the dark."

"Perhaps. But I prefer to see a man's face when I'm talking to him. May I ask to what I am indebted for this unexpected pleasure? I thought you were at Davenant."

"I left by the train after that in which you traveled."

The man came in with a lighted lamp, which he placed on the table in front of the fire—a large carved oak table, loaded with classic volumes and ponderous lexicons; for a wealthy student is rarely content with a single lexicographer's definition.

Having set down the lamp, the valet replenished the exhausted fire with that deliberate care so peculiar to a servant who is slightly curious about his master's guest, and finally retired, with soft footfall, shutting the door after him very slowly, as if he expected to gather something at this last moment from the visitor's impatience to break covert.

In this case, however, the valet retired without hearing a word. Gilbert Sinclair sat staring at the fire, and seemed in no hurry to state his business. He could not fly at his enemy's throat like a tiger, and that was about the only thing to which his spirit moved him at this moment. Looking at his visitor by the soft clear light of the lamp, Sir Cyprian was not re-assured by his countenance. Gilbert Sinclair's face was of a livid hue, save on each high cheek-bone, where a patch of dusky red made the pervading pallor more obvious. His thick red-brown hair was rough and disordered, his large red-brown eyes, prominently placed in their orbits, were bright and glassy, and the sensual under lip worked convulsively, as in some inward argument of a stormy kind.

For some minutes—three or four perhaps, and so brief a space of time makes a longish pause in a critical situation—Gilbert Sinclair kept silence. Sir Cyprian, standing with his back against one end of the velvet-covered mantelpiece, waited with polite tranquillity. Not by a word or gesture did he attempt to hurry his guest.

"Look you here, Sir Cyprian," Gilbert began at last, with savage abruptness. "If we had lived in the dueling days—the only days when Englishmen were gentlemen—I should have sent a friend to you to-night instead of coming myself, and the business might have been arranged in the easiest manner possible, and settled decisively before breakfast to-morrow. But as our new civilization does not allow of that kind of thing, and as I haven't quite strong enough evidence to go into the Divorce Court, I thought it was better to come straight to you and give you fair warning of what you may expect in the future."

"Let us suppose that dueling is not an exploded custom. We have France, and Belgium, and a few other countries at our disposal if we should make up our minds to fight. But I should like to know the ground of our quarrel before we go into details."

"I am glad you are man enough to fight me," answered the other, savagely. "I don't think you can require to be told why I should like to kill you; or if you have been in doubt about it up to this moment, you will know pretty clearly when I tell you that I saw you jump off the balcony of my wife's summer-house this afternoon."

"I am sorry that unceremonious exit should offend you. I had no other way of getting back to Marchbrook in time for my train. I should have had to walk the whole width of Davenant Park and about a mile of high-road if I had left by the summer-house door."

"And you think it a gentleman-like thing to be in my neighborhood for a fortnight, to avoid my house, and to meet my wife clandestinely in a lonely corner of my park?"

"There was no clandestine meeting. You insult your wife by such a supposition, and prove—if proof were needed of so obvious a fact—your unworthiness of such a wife. My visit to the summer-house was purely accidental. I heard Mrs. Sinclair singing—heard the bitter cry which grief—a mother's sacred grief—wrung from her in her solitude, and followed the impulse of the moment, which prompted me to console a lady whom I knew and loved when she was a child."

"And afterward, when she had ceased to be a child—a few months before she became my wife. Your attachment was pretty well known to the world in general, I believe. It was only I who was left in ignorance."

"You might easily have known what the world knew—all there was to be known—simply nothing."

"You deny that you have done me any wrong? that I have any right to ask you to fight me?"

"Most emphatically, and I most distinctly refuse to make a quarrel on any ground connected with your wife. But you will not find me slow to resent an insult should you be so ill-advised as to provoke me. As the friend of Constance Clanyarde I shall be very ready to take up the cudgels for Constance Sinclair, even against her husband. Remember this, Mr. Sinclair, and remember that any wrong done to Lord Clanyarde's daughter will be a wrong that I shall revenge with all the power God has given me. She is not left solely to her husband's tender mercies."

Even the dull red hue faded from Gilbert Sinclair's cheeks as he confronted the indignant speaker, and left him livid to the very lips. There was a dampness on his forehead, too, when he brushed his large strong hand across it.

"Is the man a craven?" thought Sir Cyprian, remarking these signs of agitation and fear.

"Well," said Sinclair, drawing a long breath, "I suppose there is no more to be said. You both tell the same story—an innocent meeting, not preconcerted—mere accident. Yes, you have the best of me this time. The unlucky husband generally has the worst of it. There's no dishonor in lying to *him*. He's out of court, poor beggar."

"Mr. Sinclair, do you want me to throw you out of that window?"

"I shouldn't much care if you did."

There was a sullen misery in the answer and in the very look of the man as he sat there beside his enemy's hearth in the attitude of dull apathy, only looking up at intervals from his vacant stare at the fire, which touched Cyprian Davenant with absolute pity. Here was a man to whom Fate had given vast capabilities of happiness, and who had wantonly thrown away all that is fairest and best in life.

"Mr. Sinclair, upon my honor I am sorry for you," he said, gravely. "Sorry for your incapacity to believe in a noble and pure-minded wife; sorry that you should poison your own life and your wife's by doubts that would never enter your mind if you had the power to understand her. Go home, and let your wife never know the wrong you have done her."

"'My wife! What wife? I have no wife,'" said Sinclair, with a strange smile, rising, and going to the door. "That's what some fellow says in a play, I think. Good-night, Sir Cyprian Davenant, and when next we meet I hope it may be on a better-defined footing."

He left the room without another word. Before Sir Cyprian's bell had summoned the smooth-faced valet, the street door shut with a bang, and Gilbert Sinclair was gone. Sir Cyprian heard the doors of the hansom clapped to, and the smack of the weary driver's whip, as the wheels rolled up the silent street.

"What did he mean by that speech about his wife?" wondered Sir Cyprian. "The man looked like a murderer!" He did not know that at this moment Gilbert Sinclair was half afraid that brutal blow of his might have been fatal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

Sunday,	19.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	26.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	3.—First Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	10.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	17.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Thursday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Sunday,	24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	25.—Christmas.
Tuesday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Wednesday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Thursday,	28.—Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	31.—First Sunday after Christmas.

The perfecting of the fraternal relations of the Northern and Southern Churches goes on prosperously. On the 25th of October a meeting of the Methodists of Louisville, New Albany, and Jeffersonville was held in Louisville, and was largely attended. The services consisted of a united administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the morning, and "platform" meetings in the afternoon and evening. Addresses were delivered by Bishop **Foster**, of the Northern, and Bishop **Kavanaugh**, of the Southern, Methodist Church, and others, both ministers and laymen. These addresses were on both sides very cordial. Bishop **Kavanaugh** recited the history of the separation in 1844, and expressed the opinion that the action of the joint commission had forever settled the question of fraternity, and brought the scattered family together again. He added: "Politicians and Churches are glad, and the other Churches are glad, we've come together. We will now go out and help each other." He wanted to see both sides forgive each other as God forgives his children, and, as an earnest of his good-will, he extended his hand in warmest friendship and love to Bishop **Foster**. This tender of fellowship was promptly reciprocated, and the two bishops exchanged greetings amidst tumultuous expressions of approval from the audience.

Mr. **Moody**'s meetings in Chicago during their third and fourth weeks—the last of October—continued to be prosperous. The average attendance during the third week is estimated at 7000 persons; on Friday evening, October 20, at 8500. Farwell Hall, which will hold 3000, is filled at noon. As many as 800 "inquirers" have been present at inquiry meetings; on one occasion as many as 2000 remained for religious conversation and counsel. Mr. **Moody**'s sermons abound, as they have heretofore abounded, in homely but forcible illustrations. Many of these are taken from the simplest incidents of life, but are applied with great aptness.

A cable dispatch from London announces that Cardinal **Antonelli**, long the Pope's Secretary of State, and since the fall of the temporal power his Treasurer, is dying. On Sunday, October 29, his physicians pronounced his case hopeless. His death will be a loss to the Pope, to whom **Antonelli** was wholly devoted.

Dr. **Theodore L. Cuyler** sends to the *Sunday-school Times* an excellent report of the multifarious work of his old personal friend, the Rev. **Newman Hall**, of London. The members of Mr. **Hall**'s church number 2000; they "maintain thirteen Sunday-schools, seventeen lodging-houses, a Christian Instruction Society, and hold about forty services for the poor every week." Mr. **Hall**'s former preaching place—the old Surrey Chapel—is now leased to the Primitive Methodists. It was once the scene of the labors of the famous **Rowland Hill**.

The interest awakened by the Galesburg Rules—so called—enacted by the Lutheran General Council a year ago, showed itself very strongly in the recent annual meeting of the Council, which began in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, October 11. The Galesburg Rule declares that Lutheran pulpits are for Lutheran ministers only, and Lutheran altars for Lutheran communicants only. It was declared at Galesburg also that this is not simply a Church but a Scriptural rule. At the late meeting in Bethlehem, the point was much discussed whether the rule as Scriptural would admit of exceptions. The president, the Rev. Dr. **Krauth**, expressed the opinion that formerly "a minister of another denomination might fill a Lutheran pulpit occasionally. At Galesburg this was changed; under that rule no such occasional admission of clergymen of other denominations would hold good." A resolution was finally adopted requesting the president to "prepare a series of theses on pulpit and altar fellowship, as presented in the Galesburg declaration."

Negotiations have been some time pending for a union of the Protestant churches in the republic of Mexico, now under the care of the Rev. H. C. **Riley**, with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. With a view to such union the Church in Mexico, a year ago or more, elected two bishops, and requested their consecration. At a recent meeting of the Protestant Episcopal bishops this request was granted. The time of the consecration has not been announced. The Church organized by Dr. **Riley** has thus far borne the name of the "Mexican Branch of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ."

One of the most notable of the discussions in the recently held English Church Congress was that on the "Relations of the Church and the State." The Earl of Devon, in a carefully prepared paper, contended that the Church and the state should not interfere with each other's functions, claiming substantially the independence of the Church. Dr. **Phillimore** also read a paper, in which he stated the result of the present relations between the state and the Established Church to be: (1) to forbid legislation by the Church; (2) to substitute legislation by the state; (3) to destroy spiritual jurisdiction; (4) to substitute secular jurisdiction. He summed up the case thus: "The only consequences of the present union of Church and state are that on the side of the state there is a perpetual interference in ecclesiastical government, and on the side of the Church a sedulous avoidance of all those principles on which alone Church government can be established." The tone of dissatisfaction running through these essays is very remarkable. Even the churchly *Guardian* says, editorially, "We must be content to rub on, and not precipitate the awful scene of the foundering of the Establishment."

The extension of Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the Protestant world is one of the striking facts of the history of the century. At Melbourne, Australia, the Christian young men have erected a building at a cost of £6000. At Geelong, also in Australia, there is an association of 121 members, whose work is successful in every direction. At the recent Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada a good report of the year was made.

At the anniversary of the Protestant Episcopal Bible and Prayer-book Society of New York it was reported that 2249 Bibles, 28,832 Prayer-books, and 1974 New Testaments have been distributed during the year. Bishops **Bissell**, **Lyman**, and **Talbot** were present at the meeting.

The expediency of the large amount of aid now given by education societies to candidates for the ministry is a topic much discussed of late in the Churches. At the last meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Brooklyn, the Rev. Dr. **William Adams** expressed the wish that nothing should be done in this kind which would undermine the manliness of divinity students. At the recent annual meeting of the "Evangelical Education Society" of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. E. A. **Washburne**, of New York, read an essay in which the following question was answered: "Does it tend to destroy the manliness of the ministry to extend pecuniary aid to candidates for holy orders?" He maintained that the practice of giving aid is wrong in its principle and evil in its effects, and that it lowers the profession. The Rev. **Isaac Gibson** followed on the other side, and maintained that assistance may be so given as to increase rather than diminish the sense of ministerial independence.

The operations of the Protestant Episcopal Education Society have been extensive. In ten years it has received $327,690. During the past year its income was $24,274, and its expenditure $19,987. Seventy students have been helped in 1876, and 356 from the year 1866 to the present time.

The "Christian Missionary Convention," which represents the "Christian" Church in the United States, was held in Richmond, Virginia, beginning October 17. The attendance of delegates was large. The General Board reported disbursements for the year approximating $45,000. The interest-bearing funds of the Convention were stated to be $62,900. The Board maintains a Bible school for colored preachers in Louisville, and is trying to establish another in Mississippi.

In his recent visitation sermons the Archbishop of Canterbury takes pains to impress upon his clergy that the questions of the age are not to be put down by ecclesiastical authority, but are to be answered out of the resources of an abundant culture. He said, with great force: "There are some among ourselves who think that they find a refuge from infidelity in the maintenance of superstition, but I believe that they are few even in numbers, and fewer still in their general influence upon the whole community and on the intelligence of the age." He would have the clergy go beyond newspaper and review learning: "A man may have picked up here and there a good deal from reviews, and yet not be able to meet an intelligent mechanic, whom he comes athwart in his daily ministrations, and who has got, by what means we know not, some real acquaintance with subjects of which the clergyman is most profoundly ignorant." These are wise counsels, and as applicable to this country as to England.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the problems in fish-culture is the determination of the precise amount of animal food which must be fed to trout to produce a given weight of live fish, and thus to ascertain the economy of raising trout for market in different localities in which the cost of offal suitable for this purpose would naturally vary.

It is, of course, well understood that fish, like all other animals, increase most rapidly in weight with the same amount of food in the earlier stages of life, and that as the limits of dimensions are attained a given amount of food may have very little effect in increasing the weight. We therefore need to determine, by careful experiment, at what age trout and other fish artificially raised should be marketed in order to get the best ratio between food and size.

A leading fish-culturist informs us that during the past year he has sold 5000 pounds of trout out of his ponds, and that he has, perhaps, 5000 pounds remaining, making an aggregate of 10,000. To these he has fed 100,000 pounds of meat, principally livers and kidneys, or an average of ten pounds of meat for each pound of fish. As, however, a large part of this stock was on hand during the previous year, the fish being sold at the age of one or two years, we may reasonably deduct one-fourth, leaving a ratio of 7500 pounds of trout to the 100,000 pounds of food, or about one pound to thirteen and one-third. A portion of the trout thus sold weighed one-third of a pound each, while another portion weighed one-sixth. It is quite likely that if the effort had been made to furnish half-pound trout the ratio would have been as one to twenty, and for pound trout of one to thirty, or even fifty.

The death of Mr. **Thomas Fearn** took place early in September. This gentleman is well known as one of the most accomplished electro-metallurgists in Europe, being the patentee of the process the use of which has advanced so much the reputation of the Messrs. **Elkington**, of Birmingham.

The Geographical Congress convened by the King of Belgium was held on the 12th of September in accordance with the programme, and was attended by a large number of distinguished geographers, among them the presidents of the Geographical Societies of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and many African travelers. No Americans are reported as being present. The members of the Convention were all entertained in the most hospitable manner by the king, receiving apartments in the palace, dining at the royal table, and having carriages placed at their disposal. The meetings were held in the royal palace, and were presided over by the king. His Majesty made an opening address, in which he stated the objects of the Convention, mentioning particular propositions to be taken up in order. He also subscribed the sum of four thousand pounds sterling toward the expenses of further explorations, which was supplemented by a donation from a Swiss lady of eight hundred pounds.

The king and several persons present urged, as of great importance in promoting African research, the establishment of stations on the coast and in the interior, from which efforts for exploration and civilization might be prosecuted, and which would also serve an important purpose in limiting and ultimately exterminating the slave-trade. Some difference of opinion occurred as to whether the present routes of travel would answer the purpose, or whether new ones should be opened, Sir **Henry Rawlinson** defending the latter project, while Dr. **Nachtigal** thought it was unnecessary. The establishment of a station at Bagamoyo, or some other point on the main-land opposite Zanzibar, was considered highly desirable, Zanzibar itself being less useful than it was anticipated by Dr. **Livingstone**. From Bagamoyo to Ujiji a route could be opened, with fortified posts at intervals.

After the discussion of various propositions, it was concluded better to limit the field of operations on the north by the basin of the Nile and the independent countries of Soudan, and on the south by the Zambeze, but that the Egyptian territory should be excluded, as that country was carrying on independent explorations, and might be jealous of any foreign interference.

A permanent organization of the association was then made by the establishment of national committees in each of the countries represented at the Conference, by which an international committee is to be selected to meet occasionally at Brussels, and there is also to be an executive council of three members, representing respectively England, France, and Germany, to support the president. The king was elected to this position for one year. Sir **Bartle Frere**, Dr. **Nachtigal**, and M. **De Quatrefages** constitute the executive council.

In the death of Mr. **George Smith** at Aleppo, on the 19th of August, Oriental science loses one of its most active and able investigators, and the British Museum is deprived of one of its most valued officers. He is best known in the department of Assyrian antiquities and history, and his contributions both in the way of collections of objects and deciphering them have won for him an imperishable renown. Mr. **Smith** was originally a copper and steel plate engraver of the firm of **Bradbury & Evans**, and in 1867 was appointed an assistant in the department of Egyptian and Oriental antiquities of the British Museum. In 1871 he made a discovery which, in the opinion of the London *Athenæum*, was superior in importance to that of his Assyrian interpretations, namely, that the Cypriote inscriptions were written in a syllabic character, which later he has identified with the Greek.

Mr. **Smith** is perhaps best known by his publication of his second discovery, in 1872, of the celebrated Chaldean account of the deluge from inscriptions contained in the British Museum. The popularity of this announcement, and the desire of obtaining some missing tablets of the inscription from the ruins of Babylon, induced the fitting out of an expedition by the *Daily Telegraph* of London, and Mr. **Smith** left for Mesopotamia on the 20th of January, 1873, an extended account of the results of which was given in the *Telegraph*.

Shortly afterward, in 1874, he again left England, on his third expedition, to continue his excavations at Kouyunjik for the trustees of the British Museum; and in spite of many obstacles from the Turks, he succeeded in bringing home many fragmentary tablets. An account of his researches was given to the public in the beginning of 1875. The great value of these discoveries induced the trustees of the British Museum to dispatch Mr. **Smith** once more, to excavate the remainder of **Assurbani-pal**'s library at Kouyunjik. He accordingly went to Constantinople in October, 1875, and set out on his last and fatal journey to the East in March, taking with him Dr. **Eneberg**, a Finnic Assyriologue. While detained at Aleppo on account of the plague, he explored the banks of the Euphrates from Balis northward, and discovered the ancient Hittite capital, Carchemish—a discovery that bids fair to rival in importance that of Nineveh itself. After visiting Devi, or Thopsokus, and other places, he made his way to Bagdad, where he procured between two and three thousand tablets discovered by some Arabs in an ancient Babylonian library near Hillah. From Bagdad he went to Kouyunjik, but found it impossible to do any work, owing to the troubled state of the country. He finally broke down, worn out by fatigue and exhaustion, at Ikisji, a small village about sixty miles northeast of Aleppo, and was thence taken to Aleppo, where he died.

M. **De Franqueville**, director-general of roads, bridges, and railways in France, died on the 30th of August.

Among the many international gatherings in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition, two were of much practical interest. The first of these, held on the 5th of October, was a meeting of the Fish Commissioners of the various States, called by the United States Commissioner for the purpose of considering questions of general interest in connection with the propagation and more wide-spread distribution of the useful food fishes of the country. A few years ago but little attention was paid to the subject of fish-culture beyond the raising of trout for ornamental or market purposes. The stimulus caused by the appointment of the United States Fish Commission, and the meetings of the American Fish-culturists' Association, have resulted in the establishment, in a large proportion of the States of the Union, of fish commissions charged with the duty of increasing the supply of food fish, both by their actual multiplication and by the preparation of regulations for protecting various species during the critical period, and of facilitating their movements in the waters.

The occasion referred to brought together a considerable number of commissioners at the meeting held in the Maryland State Building, and committees were appointed to take into consideration and report upon several subjects of importance. Among these we may mention the consideration of the relation existing between the various States of the Union and the general government in connection with inter-State streams, or of a stream which in its course passes through several different jurisdictions.

The second convention was that of the American Fish-culturists' Association—an allied body of practical men, for the most part engaged in the actual cultivation of fish. This met, on the 6th and 7th of October, in Judges' Hall. An interesting incident of the meeting was a dinner at the Lafayette Restaurant on Friday evening composed entirely of fish, some sixty species in all being offered to the guests. A considerable number of the dishes consisted of contributions from the various foreign exhibits, including preparations in oil or pickled of anchovies, cuttle-fish, eels, congers, tunny, sword-fish, etc., together with sharks' fins, bêche de mer, etc.

[Copyright, 1876, by Harper & Brothers.]

Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

VII.—EXCHANGE OF ANIMALS.

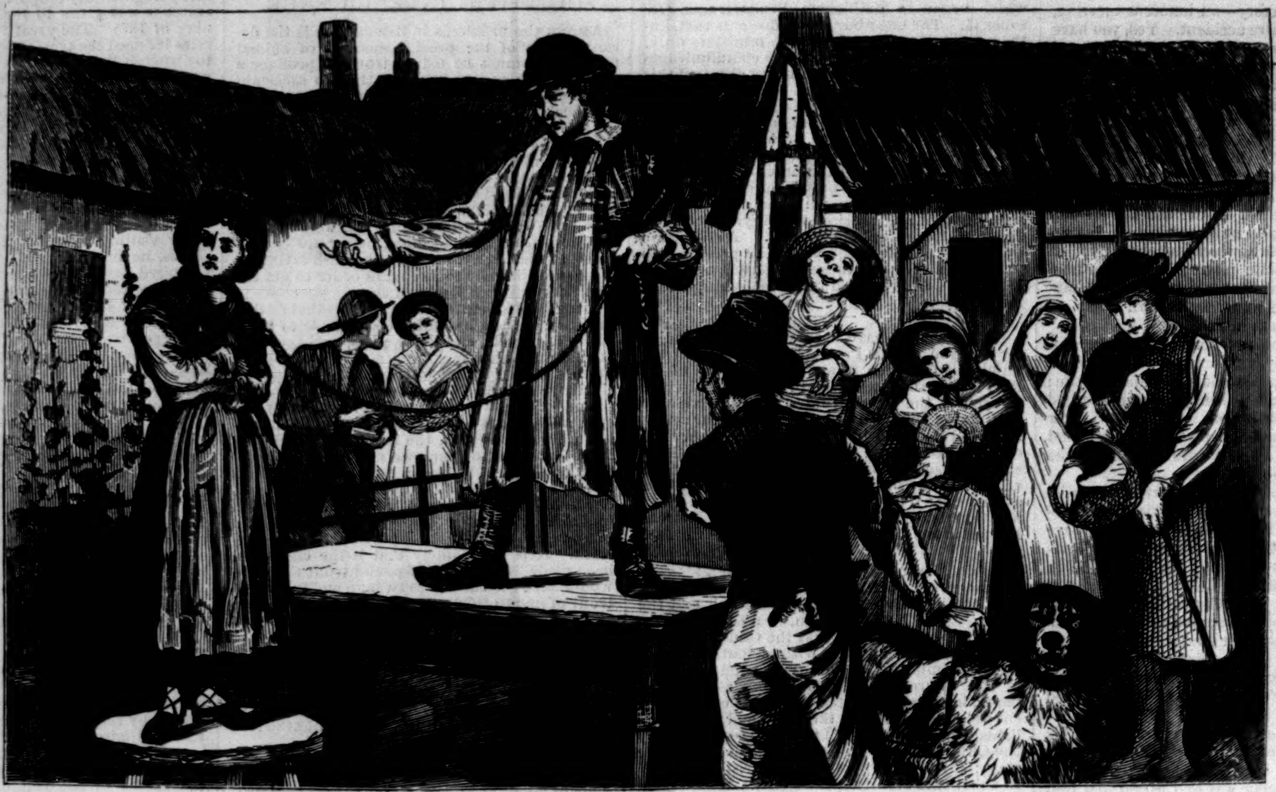
Old traditions linger in country places long after they have perished in great towns. Were the English provinces to be groped for modern antiquities, and the sum total presented, the general reader would be amazed at the mass of ancient superstition lingering in modern England. Not only do popish practices, popish legends and charms, flourish in our most Puritanical counties, but even pagan rites and ceremonies. In the north the mummers at Christmas, of all days, dance a sword-dance which belongs to the worship of a Scandinavian god; in Northumberland, and parts of Ireland, the young folk still make little bonfires and leap through them on a certain day, though the practice is forbidden in the Old Testament as an abomination, for this is no other thing than "going through the fire to Baal," and is one of the many signs that we Celts were an Oriental tribe. Any novice wishing to strike this vein of lore without much trouble has only to read the excellent book of Mr. Henderson, and grope the index to *Notes and Queries*. I strongly recommend the latter course.

> "For index-reading turns no student pale,
> Yet takes the eel of science by the tail."

My own reading in such matters has taught me one thing—to suspect old tradition whenever I encounter any strange practice down in the country. Why, even rustic mispronunciation is often a relic, where it passes for an error. Rusticus calls a coroner's inquest "crowner's quest," and the educated smile superior. But Rusticus is not wrong; he is only in arrear. "Crowner's quest" is the true mediæval form, and was once universal. Every English peasant calls a theätre a theätre, and young gentlemen sneer. Yet theätre is the true pronunciation; and fifty years before Shakspeare nobody, high or low, mispronounced the word into theätre, as he does and we do.

To the tenacity of old tradition I ascribe a prevalent notion, in rude parts of this country, that an Englishman and his wife can divorce themselves under certain conditions. 1st, the parties must consent; 2d, there must be a public auction; 3d, the lady must be sold with a halter round her neck. That our rural population ever invented this law is improbable in itself and against evidence: there are examples of the practice as old as any chronicle we have; and I really suspect that in some barbarous age — later, perhaps, than our serious worship of Baal, but anterior to our earliest Saxon laws—this rude divorce by consent was the unwritten law of Britain.

The thing has been done in my day many times, and related in the journals, and I observe that it is always done with similar ceremonies, and that the lower order of people, though they jeer, are not shocked at it, nor does it seem to strike them as utterly and profoundly illegal. It dates, I apprehend, from a time when marriage was a partnership at will, and the Roman theory that marriage is a sacrament, and the English theory that marriage is not a sacrament, but half a sacrament, were alike unknown to a primitive people.



WIFE AUCTION IN ENGLAND.

My note-book contains numerous examples. I select one with a bit of color, which was published at the date when it occurred.

Joseph Thompson rented a farm of forty acres in a village three miles from Carlisle. In 1829 he married a spruce, lively girl twenty-two years of age.

They had many disputes, and no children. So after three years they agreed to part.

The bell-man was sent round the village to announce that Joseph Thompson would sell Mary Anne Thompson by auction on April 5, 1832, at noon precisely.

At the appointed hour Joseph Thompson stood on a table, and his wife a little below him on an oak chair, with a halter of straw round her neck. He put her up for sale in terms that a by-stander thought it worth while to take down on the spot.

"Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thompson, otherwise Williamson. It is her wish as well as mine to part forever, and will be sold without reserve to the highest bidder. Gentlemen, the lot now offered for competition has been to me a bosom serpent. I took it for my comfort and the good of my house; but it became my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion, and a daily devil. The Lord deliver us from termagant wives and troublesome widows! Gentlemen, avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, *cholera morbus*, or any other pestilential phenomenon—"

Here it seems to have occurred to Joseph Thompson that he was not going the way to sell his lot at a high figure; so he tried to be more the auctioneer and less the husband.

"However," said he, "now I have told you her little defects, I will present the bright and sunny side of her. She can read novels, milk cows, and laugh and weep with the same ease that you could toss off a glass of ale. What the poet says of women in general is true to a hair of this one—

'Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace
To laugh, to weep, and cheat the human race.'

She can make butter and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's Melodies, and pleat her own frills and caps. She can not make rum, nor gin, nor whiskey; but she is a good judge of all three from long experience in tasting them. What shall we say for her, with all her perfections and imperfections?—fifty shillings to begin?"

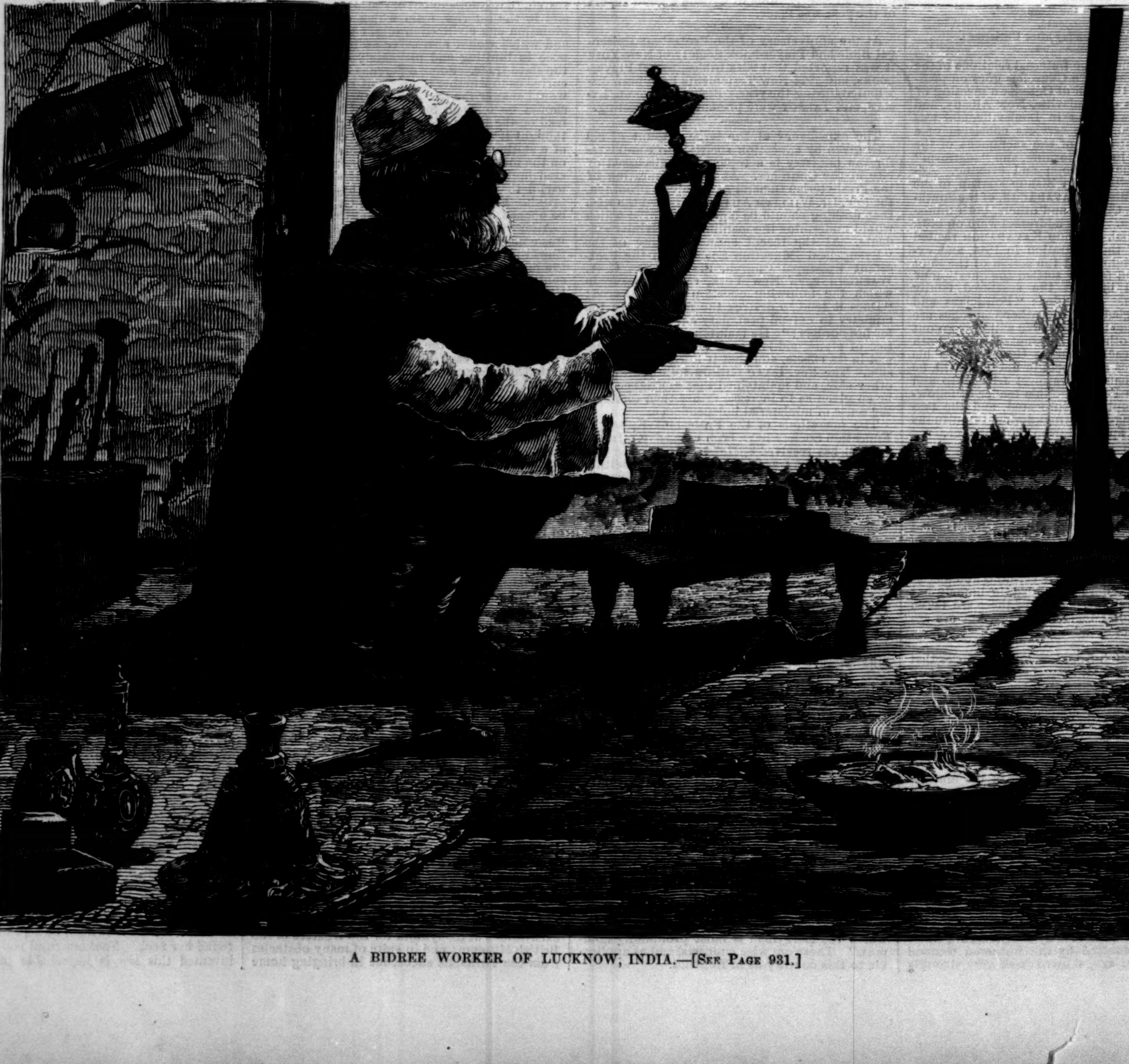
There was a dead silence. He had better have employed George Robins, Senior. "Cuilibet in suâ arte credendum." There was no bidding at all. Then the auctioneer was angry, and threatened to take the lot home.

The company in general sustained this threat with composure; but one Mears conceived hopes, and asked modestly whether an exchange could not be made. "I have here," said he, "a Newfoundland dog—a beauty. He can fetch and carry; and if you fall in the water, drunk or sober, he'll pull you out."

Thompson approved the dog, but objected to give a Christian in even exchange for a quadruped. Each species has a prejudice in its own favor, owing to which the company backed him. So at last Mears agreed to give the dog and twenty shillings to boot.

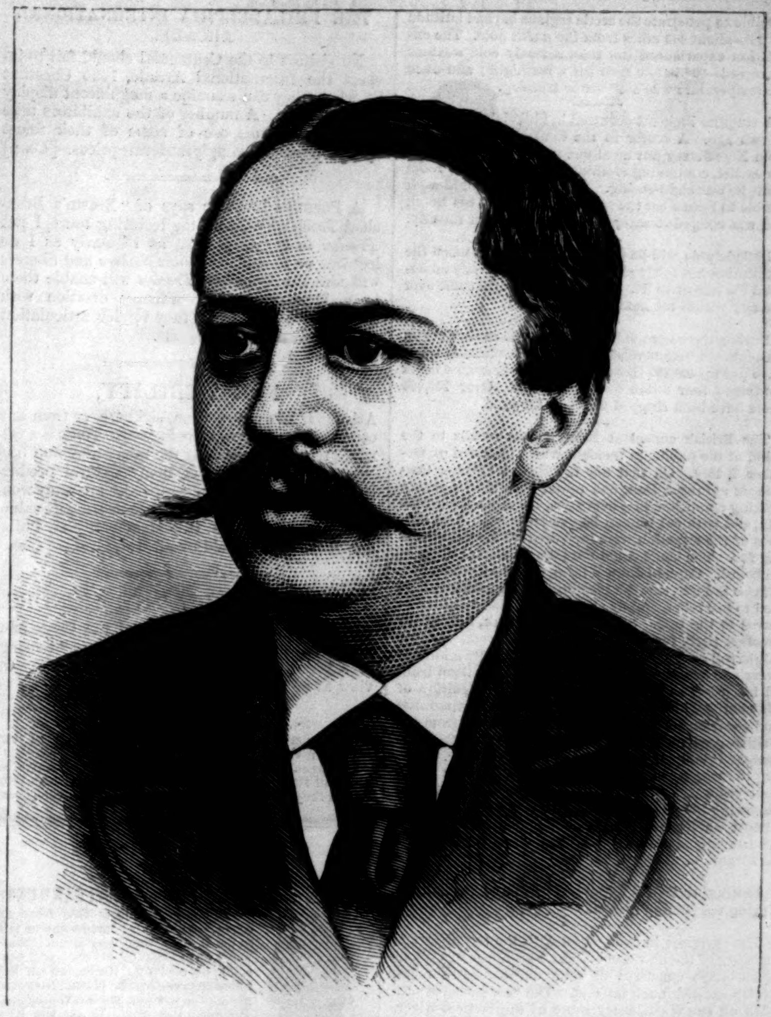
The bargain was made. Thompson took the halter off the wife and put it round the dog, and Mears led his purchase away by the hand, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the multitude, in which they were joined by Thompson.

After a while, however, the latter recollected he had a duty to perform. "I must drink the new-married couple's health," said he, gravely. Accordingly he adjourned with his dog and his money to the public-house, and toasted his deliverer so zealously that he took nothing home from the sale except the dog. Fortunately for *him*, a man can't drink his superior.



A BIDREE WORKER OF LUCKNOW, INDIA.—[See Page 931.]

EUGENE SCHUYLER.



EUGENE SCHUYLER, UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'DONALD, ALBANY.]

EUGENE SCHUYLER, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of New York State, born at Ithaca in February, 1840, of good old Dutch stock, his father being the Hon. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, at present Auditor of the Canal Department. Young SCHUYLER early gave promise of his distinguished manhood, having graduated with high honors at Yale in the class of '59, winning two scholarships in his last year. He staid at college two years after graduating, studying in the Law School, assisting President PORTER in the revision of Webster's Dictionary, and, we believe, acted as tutor to some of the Juniors. Subsequently Mr. SCHUYLER came to this city, where he was admitted to the bar, but the practice of his profession had no charms for the high-spirited and ambitious young man; and having, with his marvelous linguistic ability, acquired a knowledge of the Russian language, he presented himself at Washington before President JOHNSON with a novel which he had translated from that seldom-acquired language in one hand, and a few letters from influential friends in the other, asking for the vacant post of Consul at Moscow. It will surprise some to learn that a knowledge of the Russian tongue was accepted as a strong recommendation in his favor, and he obtained the coveted appointment. He was only permitted to remain two years at this post, and with some difficulty secured an inferior position as Consul at Revel, on the Gulf of Finland.

Passing through St. Petersburg *en route* to Revel, Mr. CURTIN, who had just arrived at the great Northern capital, welcomed Mr. SCHUYLER as a most valuable assistant. Speaking fluently French, German, and Russian, he was at once appointed Acting Secretary of Legation, which position he held until a few months ago, when he applied for and received the appointment of Secretary of Legation and Consul-General at Constantinople. He was soon after sent into Bulgaria to report to the American minister at the Ottoman Porte on the state of affairs in that province. The result of his six weeks' tour through Bulgaria is known to the world. His reports created an intense sensation throughout Western Europe, and nearly resulted in hurling the English ministry from their seats. The end of this is not yet, but hereafter will be read of all men.

It was during his career at St. Petersburg that Mr. SCHUYLER found leisure, in 1873, to make a journey through Turkistan, the results of which have been recently published in London and New York.* His journey ran from the Aral Sea along the valley of the Sir Daria to Tashkend, the headquarters of the Russian dominion in Turkistan. From thence he visited Khokand, Samarcand, and Bokhara, and then crossing Eastern Turkistan, visited Kuldja close to Mongolia, to Chinese territory, and to the dominions of the now celebrated YACOOB KHAN, ruler of Yarkand.

Mr. SCHUYLER started on his interesting journey in company with Mr. J. A. MACGAHAN, but parted, to their mutual regret, at Fort Perovsky, on the Sir Daria, the ancient Jaxartes River, the New York *Herald* correspondent taking his solitary way across the desert of the Kyzil Kum, of which perilous undertaking he has given the public such an interesting account in *Campaigning on the Oxus*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS—a book still fresh in the minds of our readers.

Mr. SCHUYLER deserves all the success and fame that he has achieved; but we can not help remarking that good fortune, or luck, as it is called, has smiled upon his career. His first entry into public life was almost accidental, so far as a career in the East was concerned, for it is said that the consulship in Moscow was refused by several persons before he secured it; the meeting with an American minister who required and had the good sense to appreciate the value of his acquirements; again, his meeting with a genuine Kirghiz chief in the carriage of the train by which he left St. Petersburg; his rencontre with a Russian lady, the wife of a high official, on the day of his departure from Perovsky, who gave him an introduction to the home of her husband at Tashkend—an entrée which was of great advantage to him; and last, but not least, his mission to Bulgaria, which raised him at a step into world-wide renown—all suggest that our author was born under a lucky star.

His fame will not suffer by the publication of his "Notes," which throughout are remarkably sober-minded, critical, and painstaking. His style is not particularly graphic or picturesque, but there is no straining after effect, and he gives interesting and vivid pictures of what he saw and heard in Central Asia.

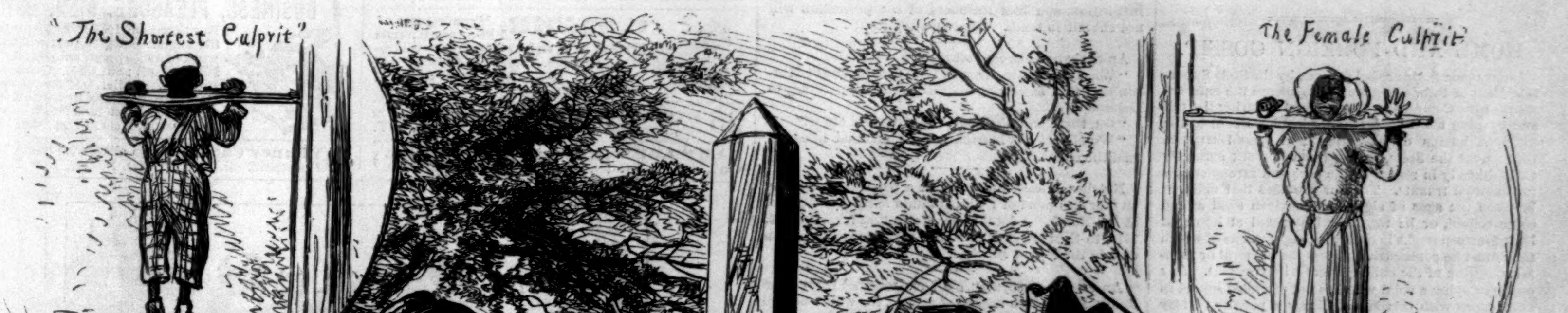
The latter part of his journey contains the most of novelty, as little was previously known regarding Kuldja; but what he has to say about the Russian occupation of Turkistan will probably excite the greatest interest at the present moment. His account of Russian administration is by no means flattering, and it is not surprising that he applied for removal from St. Petersburg before his revelations saw the light. It is to be doubted whether any thing in Bulgaria exceeded in atrocity General KAUFFMAN's treatment of the Turkoman tribes who resisted his authority.

MACGAHAN, in his concluding chapters on the "Fall of Khiva," gives some account of the disgraceful, cowardly warfare of the victorious Russians, under the immediate orders of the Governor-General; but the Khivan massacre pales before Mr. SCHUYLER's report of the deliberate torturing cruelty of the average Russian official.

To show how deliberate were these cruelties, one extract from Mr. SCHUYLER's second volume will suffice. It is the report of an eye-witness, a Russian officer engaged in the movement against the Turkomans after the occupation of Khiva. "When we had gone about twenty-five miles from Khiva, General GOLOVATCHEF said before a large number of officers in my presence, 'I have received an order from the commander-in-chief [General KAUFFMAN]; I hope you will remember it, and give it to your soldiers. This expedition does not spare either sex or age. Kill all of them.' After this the officers delivered this command to their several detachments. The detachment of the Caucasus army had not then ar-

---

* *Turkistan: Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bokhara, and Kuldja.* 2 vols. London: SAMPSON LOW & Co. New York: SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, & Co. 1876.



THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY IN DELAWARE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. STIEBLE.—[SEE PAGE 938.]

rived, but came that evening. GOLOVATCHEF called together the officers of the Caucasus and said, 'I hope you will fulfill all these commands strictly in the Circassian style, without a question. You are not to spare either sex or age. Kill all of them.' The old colonel of the Caucasus said, 'Certainly, we will do exactly as you say.'" Mr. GROMOF goes on to relate how these villainous orders were literally executed.

The only commentary we need to make on this is that the Bulgarian massacres have been charged to Circassian troops from the Caucasus in the pay of Turkey!

Mr. SCHUYLER expresses an opinion that Russian conquest in Asia can not stop short of the annexation of Bokhara, Kashgar, and the whole Turkoman country to the eastward, with the occupation of Merve, in the Tekke country to the westward; but this opinion was expressed before the present complication between Russia and Turkey in Europe, which, if resulting in war, as sooner or later it will, would certainly stay the advance of the troops of the Czar toward either Merve or Kashgar. The former place, our author thinks, is not of the importance attached to it by writers in the English press, but in a few words he himself explains the reason for English anxiety; he says, "Even in case of war, Merve could never be more than a base of supplies." Precisely so: a base of supplies for an attack on Herat, a town belonging to the Afghans, but the acknowledged key to the British possessions in India. Before that place is in the circle of Russian dominions, there will be a long and desperate struggle between the two great European empires. Bearing on this question of Merve and Herat, both on the confines of Persia, we do not agree with Mr. SCHUYLER in his belief that Russian influence is paramount at Teheran; to the contrary, the Russians are greatly feared and intensely hated by the fanatical Persian Mussulmans, who can never forget or forgive the perfidious acquisition of Ashurada, on the Caspian Sea.

WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY.

ON the preceding page we give a picture representing scenes around the whipping-post and pillory at Georgetown, Sussex County, Delaware, which took place during the October court sessions. The chief incident was the whipping of a white tramp who had been convicted of larceny. A negro, convicted of the same crime, was standing in the pillory during the execution of the sentence, and appeared to witness the spectacle with great relish. The negro woman standing in the pillory underwent that punishment for the crime of housebreaking. Quite a large number of culprits were sentenced during the October sessions, some to be whipped only, others to both pillory and whipping, and others to stand in the pillory for periods varying with the degrees of the offenses of which they were convicted.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

INCREASED efforts are being made by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to secure the enforcement of the Compulsory Education Act during the fall and ensuing winter. A circular has been sent to the different boards of education and school trustees throughout the State, urging them to work earnestly and faithfully in regard to the care and arrangements for habitual truants. The law provides that children between the ages of eight and fourteen shall attend some school, or be regularly instructed at home, at least fourteen weeks in each year, eight weeks of which time must be consecutive, unless the physical or mental condition of the child renders it inexpedient. Any one employing a child who has not attended school in accordance with this law shall pay a penalty of fifty dollars, the money being added to the school district fund. If parents are unable to furnish their children with books, the district will provide them.

St. George's House, the head-quarters of the British Commission on the Centennial grounds, is to be presented by the British government to the city of Philadelphia after the close of the Exhibition. It contains seventeen rooms, is two stories in height, with an old-style peaked roof, and, with the other quaint-looking structures destined to remain as permanent memorials of the Exhibition, will prove a highly desirable acquisition.

Railroad disasters are becoming frightfully common, and one can scarcely help fearing that any day almost there will be a dreadful slaughter of human beings. There always seems to be some very special reason assigned for each particular accident, nobody apparently being very much to blame. But surely there is more general carelessness or recklessness in the management of many railway lines than there should be. The recent fatal accident at Hawthorne, on the New Jersey Midland Railroad, by which two employés were instantly killed; the disaster at Evona, on the line of the New Jersey Central, by which three persons were killed; a man crushed on the track of the Pennsylvania road at Jersey City; the collision on the Old Colony road; the accident by which a train on the Boston and Maine road was thrown from the track—these and others, which would make a long list, indicate that more careful supervision is needed on many roads.

An infernal machine, packed in a "Saratoga" trunk, recently exploded in a baggage-car on the Pennsylvania Railroad, causing great confusion and a good deal of damage. Fortunately the trunk was near the top of the car, otherwise the disaster would have been much more serious. Investigation showed clearly the most malicious design.

The Turkey war will commence with great vigor the latter part of November. We fear little mercy will be shown in the prosecution of it. Every good Turk-ey will be ruthlessly slaughtered, unless he flees for his life. President Grant mentions November 30 as Thanksgiving-day.

The *Alert* and *Discovery*, of the British exploring expedition, after an absence of about fifteen months, have returned with the report that it was found impossible to penetrate the arctic regions beyond latitude 83° 20′—about 400 miles from the north pole. The expedition experienced the most severely cold weather on record—59° below zero for a fortnight; and once the temperature was 104° below freezing.

A singular incident occurred in Philadelphia a week or two ago. A visitor to the Centennial Exhibition from New Jersey put up at one of the hotels, and left his sachel, containing clothing and $145, in his room while he was sight-seeing. At night he found himself unable to remember the name or locality of his hotel, and was obliged to accept the hospitalities of the city.

Philadelphia will be burdened with hotels when the Exhibition has fairly closed. Many are already advertised for sale or to let. What a change will come over the city within the next month!

During the recent salmon-fishing season in Oregon the eighteen "canneries" on the Lower Columbia River have put up 428,730 cases. Of these, over 400,000 cases contained four dozen one-pound tins. Over 100,000 cases have been shipped direct to England.

The British consul at New Orleans recalls to the mind of the public an incident which occurred on October 7, 1859. On that day the British steamer *Connaught* sprung a leak, and found herself in a slowly sinking condition, in a heavy sea, 150 miles from Boston, and with 601 human beings on board. The horrors of the situation were increased by the vessel taking fire. The boats could not take off a third of those on board. Captain John Wilson, of the American brig *Minnie Schafer*, saw the blazing, sinking steamer, hurried to her relief, and by sundown 200 had been transferred to the brig. Still he kept at work, amidst the greatest peril, for at any moment the great steamer might roll over and ingulf the little brig. By midnight every one was safe on the brig, and John Wilson landed his priceless cargo in Boston. In recognition of his courage, humanity, and seamanship, testimonials and contributions of money were given him from the British government, the company to which the *Connaught* belonged, and from the Boston public. During the war he lost his property; and now, at sixty-four years of age, prevented by failing eyesight from following his profession, and his wife an invalid, he is almost wholly destitute in his home at New Orleans. The saving of 600 lives is a deed which should never be forgotten.

Skating rinks in Paris will continue fashionable during the coming season.

The exercises in connection with the recent formal opening of the new and elegant boat-house of Columbia College consisted of four well-contested races, which excited much interest. The boat-house is situated on the Westchester shore of the Harlem River, and is admirably adapted to meet the wants of the boating men of the college. It is two stories in height, with an observatory from which a fine view of the river can be obtained. In the interior, upon the walls, are painted the start in the Saratoga race of 1875, and the finish of the race of 1874, in which Columbia College was victorious. The house cost $10,000, of which the faculty subscribed $4000.

The *Dramatic News* thinks that the rules of the Forrest Home for Actors are not adapted to such an institution, and that members of the profession will not submit to them. Hence no applicants.

An exchange has the following:

"What place, Sir, if you please?" said Count Muttonhead to a small boy on Fifth Avenue, pointing to Delmonico's.

"Oh, that," said the boy—"that's a feed store!"

"Wonderful city!—such fine commercial houses!" said the count.

Natchez, Mississippi, must be a remarkably healthy city, or else most of its inhabitants spent the summer at the North. A local paper states that from July 20, 1876, to September 8, 1876, not a single white person died in the city of Natchez.

An exchange says: "We have received from John Jones, Esq., a fine basket of grapes, for which he will please accept our thanks, some of which are more than an inch in diameter." Remarkably thick—for thanks.

Two wealthy German bankers of Berlin have been indulging in a novel wager. One of them bets 3000 marks, against 4000 marks put up by his opponent, that the United States will not remain a republic during the next hundred years, but will advance to a higher knowledge of the arts and sciences. The sum has been placed on interest for 100 years, at the expiration of which the Royal Court of Germany is to decide whose heirs are entitled to the money, which will then amount to a pretty little fortune.

Two countrymen went to see the Centennial, paid their fifty cents, and entered the grounds. Looking around at all the numerous buildings, large and small, they accosted a stranger standing near them, and inquired "what the probable cost would be to see the whole Centennial." He very probably had his mind on hotel bills and incidental expenses, and replied, "About ten dollars." The young men understood him to mean that admission fees amounting to ten dollars would be charged persons desiring to enter the various buildings, and this so disgusted the visitors that they immediately left the grounds and went home, without entering a single Centennial building.

The history of the "Iowa mad-stone," as it is currently reported, is curious and interesting. Its wonderful properties have been known about 135 years, and its fame has spread throughout all the country in the vicinity of its owner, Mr. Evans. The greatest reliance is placed upon its virtues in all cases of hydrophobia. It is said that 680 cures have been effected by the present owner. The stone is very small, and looks something like a bit of dark sponge, except that the pores are not so large. Before operating with it the stone is heated in milk and water; the patient is made to exercise until the blood circulates freely; then the skin near the bite is scratched until the blood comes, and the stone applied. When filled with virus, it is taken off, soaked in warm milk and water, and the application repeated until the stone will not adhere to the flesh. Sometimes as many as one or two hundred applications are necessary. It can not be easily removed from an infected person, so great is its power of suction; but upon the flesh of a person not inoculated with the poison of a rabid animal it has no more effect than an ordinary pebble, unless he is diseased with salt-rheum or scrofula. Such is the marvelous history of the "Iowa mad-stone."

THE PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL ARCADE.

No visitors to the Centennial should fail to inspect the International Arcade, 1430 Chestnut St., where they can examine a magnificent display of Art Goods. A number of the exhibitors take this means to dispose of some of their finest specimens, at exceedingly moderate prices.—[*Com.*]

A POPULAR Lecturer says of "Brown's Bronchial Troches: "In all my lecturing tours, I put *Troches* in my carpet-bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen." *Public Speakers* and Singers will find the *Bronchial Troches* will enable them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render articulation clear.—[*Com.*]

FOR DEBILITY,

Arising from over-exertion, sickness, or from any cause whatever, SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC is a valuable remedy, containing the nourishing and life-supporting properties of many natural productions; its strengthening properties are truly wonderful. A single bottle will demonstrate its value.

Prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

OBTAINED ALL THE HONORS.

ALL the honors attainable at the Centennial were awarded to the new "Automatic" Sewing-Machine of the Wilcox & Gibbs S. M. Co. On view at 658 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The attention of heads of families is invited to the superior quality of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared and are less expensive.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORWIN'S "ZEPHYR" India-Rubber GARMENTS.

This new article is free from any disagreeable odor; handsome as silk; 5 oz. lighter than any other makes. They supersede all others; will never stick or peel off; Rubbered on both sides to preserve the cloth. No person should be without such a Waterproof. Be sure the name is on the band. Send for Circular.

Corwin's "ZEPHYR" Traveling and Storm HAT, the best ever introduced for lightness, durability, and keeping in shape. Weighs 1¾ oz. Price $2 50; trade discount.

Manufactured by JOHN M. CORWIN,
57 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUBBER WORKS.

Goods for Druggists and Stationers. Inventors' Articles manufactured. **F. H. HOLTON, 45 Gold St., N.Y.**

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Amber Goods.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome Street,** 3 doors from Bowery.

25 **Extra Fine Mixed Cards,** with name, 10 cts., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

CAMP LOUNGE Co., NORWALK, CONN. ($12, $4, and $5. Cuts free. Sold by N.Y. Sporting trade.)

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
A WEEKLY PAPER FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE
AND THE
FAMILY

THE COMPANION aims to be a favorite in every family—looked for eagerly by the young folks, and read with interest by the older. Its purpose is to interest while it amuses; to be judicious, practical, sensible, and to have really permanent worth, while it attracts for the hour.

It is handsomely illustrated, and has for contributors some of the most attractive writers in the country. Among these are:

J. T. Trowbridge, **Louisa M. Alcott,**
Edward Eggleston, **J. G. Whittier,**
James T. Fields, **Louise C. Moulton,**
Rebecca H. Davis, **C. A. Stephens,**
Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, **Harriet P. Spofford,**
Edward Everett Hale, **Julia Ward Howe.**

Its reading is adapted to the old and young; is very comprehensive in its character. It gives

Stories of Adventure,
Letters of Travel,
Editorials upon Current Topics,
Historical Articles,
Biographical Sketches,
Religious Articles,
Stories of Home and School Life,
Tales, Poetry,
Selections for Declamation,
Anecdotes, Puzzles,
Facts and Incidents.

Subscription Price, $1 75. Specimen copies sent free. Please mention in what paper you read this advertisement.

PERRY MASON & CO.,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

POLLAK & CO.,
Manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes and Holders. Repairing, Boiling, &c.
Wholesale and Retail.
27 John St., N. Y. P.O. Box 5009.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

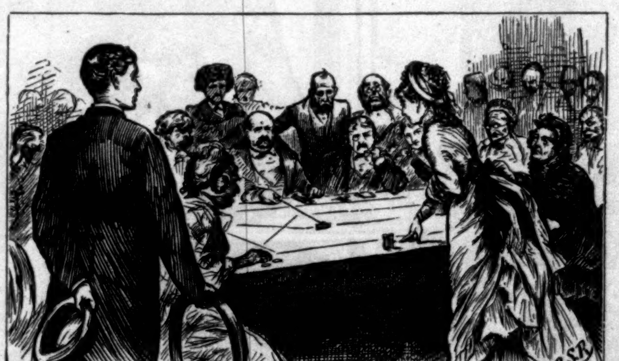
$15 SHOT GUN

A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, OR NO SALE; with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS

Buy the SELF-INKING Columbian, Strongest, Cheapest, Best, will do the work of a $250 press. 4x6, $14; 5x7½, $27; 6x9, $37; 8x12, $60. Good Card Press, type, roller, ink, &c., $5. Send stamp for catalogue to Curtis & Mitchell, Type Founders, No. 21 Brattle St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

20 **Fancy Cards,** no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, New York.



GEORGE ELIOT'S DANIEL DERONDA.

Daniel Deronda. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Middlemarch," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; 1 vol., 8vo, Paper, $1 50.

The position of George Eliot in the literature of modern fiction is absolutely regal. Her one novel in three years is a royal visit, and an event in history.—*Globe*, London.

There has, we suspect, never been a popular favorite who has so completely found the key to the sympathies of her special audience as George Eliot.—*Spectator*, London.

For subtlety of thought, carefulness of literary execution, delicate and firm delineation of character and motive, and accurate elucidation of the springs of action exhibited by its leading actors, it is unsurpassed in this branch of English literature.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

It is a great story—great in its philosophy, in its superb diction, in its dramatic situations, in its strength of characters developed. Indeed, it is to our thinking, *the* novel of the cultured authoress, and consequently one of the finest works of English fiction.—*Albany Morning Express.*

Readers of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," the most absorbing romance of the day, have a varied and delightful intellectual feast. * * * It is the very best work of the best living novelist.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It is a wonderful book in more senses than one.—*Boston Transcript.*

It seems to us that none of George Eliot's former novels so distinctly present the quality of her intellect as "Daniel Deronda."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

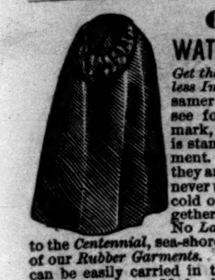
Into no other book has George Eliot put so many pithy sentences, epigrams, bits of social wisdom, satire, humor, and cynicism; nowhere else has she probed so deeply social and individual life.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

The narrative is simple, chaste, and entrancing, so that every reader is not only held spell-bound, but knows at sight what the author intended by any given passage.—*Hartford Evening Post.*

It is a most powerful, passionate drama; nearly an awful tragedy.—*Hartford Daily Courant.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



GOSSAMER WATERPROOF GARMENTS

Get the Genuine! Beware of Worthless Imitations! Ask for the Gossamer Waterproof Garments, and see for yourself that our trademark, "Gossamer Waterproof," is stamped on the loop of the garment. None are genuine without they are so stamped. Our garments never under any exposure, to either cold or warm weather, adhere together, or grow soft and worthless. No *Lady or Gentleman* should go to the *Centennial*, sea-shore, or mountains without one of our *Rubber Garments.* Weigh from 9 to 16 ounces, can be easily carried in the pocket. Send for Illustrated circular. Made by GOSSAMER RUBBER CLOTHING CO., No. 289 Devonshire Street, Boston.

CHARLEY ROSS.

AGENTS WANTED in every town in America for

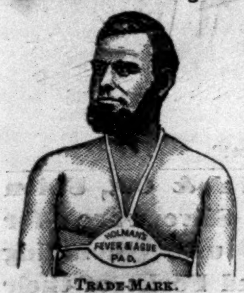
THE FATHER'S STORY

OF CHARLEY ROSS, the most touching and absorbing story in the annals of American history. Written by CHRISTIAN K. ROSS. **Sales unprecedented.** For Terms and exclusive territory, address
JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

HOLMAN'S
Fever and Ague and Liver Pad

CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE, SIMPLY BY ABSORPTION.

The Best Liver Regulator in the World.



TRADE-MARK.

The only true cure for, and preventive of malaria, in all its forms: *Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Yellow Fever, Sea-Sickness, Neuralgia, Bilious Disorders, &c., &c.*

None genuine without the Trade-Mark and Signature of the Inventor on the wrapper.

Ask your druggist for it. For Certificates, read little blue book, *Enemy in the Air.*

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., Sole Proprietors,
No. 83 John Street, N. Y.
Sent by mail on receipt of $2 00.

A GIFT WORTHY OF A ROTHSCHILD FOR ONE CENT,

A copy of Brown's Illustrated Shakespearean Almanac for 1877, together with a copy of his illustrated paper, the *Growing World,* which is devoted to natural history, will be sent to any one free who will send us his address on a one cent postal card. Address
DR. O. P. BROWN, 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

INVALID CHAIRS,
Children's Carriages,
Girls' Perambulators, Gigs
& Sleighs, Boys' Sleds,
Carts & Wagons, Violin
Cases & TOY PIANOS.
For prices, Address.
VT. NOVELTY WORKS CO.
Sprignfield, Vt.

Something New in Playing Cards.
FOLLOW COLOR AND YOU FOLLOW SUIT.

GLOBE PLAYING CARDS.

Sample pack mailed for 75 cents.
Globe Card Co., Boston.
LEE & SHEPARD, Managers.
, Circulars and specimens mailed free.

IMPURE BREATH

You are troubled with a bad Breath; it annoys your friends as well as yourself. You would like to get rid of it, but scarcely know what means to adopt. We will tell you. Cleanse your teeth and rinse your mouth thoroughly every morning with that peerless dentifrice,

FRAGRANT SOZODONT,

and your breath will become sweet and your teeth assume a pearl-like appearance. Impure breath arising from Catarrh, Bad Teeth, or the use of Liquor or Tobacco, is completely neutralized by the daily use of Sozodont. Sold by Druggists.

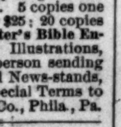
FERRILUDE

A CHARMING AND INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT FOR THE FAMILY AND SOCIAL CIRCLE. VERY POPULAR. SEND FIFTY CENTS FOR IT, AND THREE CT. STAMP FOR FULL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF ALL OUR PARLOR GAMES.
NOYES, SNOW & COMPANY,
WORCESTER, MASS.
Successors to West & Lee Game Co.

Potter's American Monthly

50,000 Subscribers for 1877.

ILLUSTRATED; Best Family Magazine in the Country, at $3 for 1877. 5 copies one year for $13; 10 copies for $25; 20 copies for $50, and a copy of **Potter's Bible Encyclopedia,** quarto, 3000 Illustrations, price, $25, given to the person sending this club. For sale at all News-stands, at 25 cents a number. Special Terms to Agents. J. E. POTTER & Co., Phila., Pa.



If you want to do your own printing,
to save or make money, send for a Circular. If you want a Specimen Book of Type, &c., send three cents. We are the oldest house in the country in the business, and have the **cheapest and best hand and self-inking printing presses.** We sell a very good press for TWO DOLLARS, and a miniature printing office for FIVE DOLLARS.
YOUNG AMERICA PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

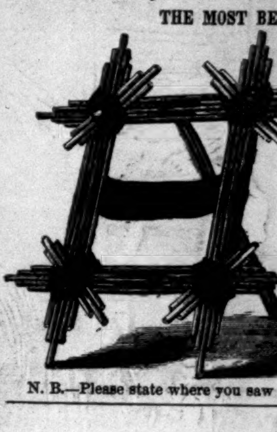
ILL. CATALOGUE of articles for **free.** BOSTON NOVELTY CO., Mass. **AGENTS**

$894 made by ONE Agent in 57 days. 13 new articles. Samples free. Address
C. M. LININGTON, CHICAGO.

HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES.

The Best of Presents to your Wife, Sister, Daughter, or Lady Friend.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOME BOOK EVER PUBLISHED.



A splendid new book, especially pleasing to the Ladies, devoted to a multitude of topics of Household Art, Taste, and Fancy Work, Transparencies, Leaf Work, Worsted Work, Work Boxes, Baskets, Wax Flowers, Fret Sawing, Picture Frames, Wall Pockets, Paintings, Straw Work, Hair Work, Bead Work, &c., &c. Over 300 pages; 250 Engravings. A charming gift to any friend. Price $1 50 by mail, postpaid.

WINDOW GARDENING.—A standard book, superbly illustrated, devoted to the culture of Plants, Bulbs, and Flowers, for in-doors. Has handsome designs of Hanging Baskets, Flowers, and Parlor Decorations. 250 Engravings. Price $1 50 by mail.

LADIES' FANCY WORK.—Just published. A charming book, devoted to Feather Work, Paper Flowers, Fire Screens, Shrines, Rustic Pictures, a charming series of Designs for Easter Crosses, Straw Ornaments, Shell Flowers and Shell Work, Bead, Mosaic, and Fish-Scale Embroidery, Hair Work and Card-Board Ornaments, Cottage Foot Rests, Window Garden Decorations, Crochet Work, Designs in Embroidery, and an immense variety of other Fancy Work to delight all lovers of Household Art and Recreation. Price $1 50 by mail.

All above for sale by Booksellers every where, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

Address HENRY T. WILLIAMS, Publisher,
46 Beekman St., New York.

N. B.—Please state where you saw this advertisement.

NEW TEXT-BOOK.

COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY.

By JAMES ORTON, A.M.,

Professor of Natural History in Vassar College.

Price $3 00. Introduction, $2 00. Exchange, $1 50.

The distinctive character of this work consists in the treatment of the whole animal kingdom as a unit; in the comparative study of the development and variations of organs and their functions, from the simplest to the most complex state; in withholding systematic zoology until the student has mastered those structural affinities upon which true classification is founded; and in being fitted for high schools and mixed schools by its language and illustrations, yet going far enough to constitute a complete grammar of the science for the under-graduate course of any college.

From H. H. RASSWEILER, *Professor of Natural Science, Northwestern College, Naperville, Ill.*

Among all the text-books on the subject of zoology with which I am acquainted there is none that comes so near my ideal of what such a book should be as does Orton's new work on Comparative Zoology. In the logical arrangement of the subjects pertaining to this increasingly popular science, in the scientific manner in which the facts relating thereto are presented, I believe this work to be unequaled by any similar work heretofore published. Moreover, the presentation of the principles and facts of structural zoology, before precipitating the students into the mazes of classification—otherwise so meaningless and perplexing—is a feature of this book which must strongly commend it to those teachers who are alive to the necessity of a systematic training of the observing and comparing powers. Teachers who have realized the deficiency of existing texts-books on zoology—vocabularies more or less voluminous—will find in Orton's method a systematic and effectual measure of relief. Referring to a practical test of it, I may say that the high opinion which I formed of it on examination has been abundantly confirmed by the success which has attended its use in my class-room.

From RANSOM DEXTER, *Professor of Zoology and Comparative and Human Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Chicago.*

I have examined Professor James Orton's Comparative Zoology, and feel at liberty to say that I think it the best text-book of zoology for high schools and colleges published in this country.

From W. A. KELLERMAN, *Professor of Natural Science, State Normal School, Oshkosh, Wis.*

I find Orton's Comparative Zoology superior to any thing I have seen hitherto. The large portion devoted to structural zoology is especially commendable, and makes it very desirable as a text-book in the higher schools, academies, and colleges. The "Notes" and "Library" are good features.

From J. W. TROGER, *Principal of Teachers' Institute, East Paw Paw, Ill.*

Having examined, and thus far with admirable success used, Orton's Comparative Zoology, I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best book on the subject I have seen.

The arrangement of subjects is logical, their treatment scientific, the classification natural and systematic, and the pictorial illustrations unequaled. It is truly a superior text-book.

From the Maryland School Journal.

Professor Orton's book is beautiful. It is enticing. It is a pleasure to open it, and enjoy a marvel of exquisite printing, both letter-press and plates. It is a still greater pleasure to read it, and observe how the driest of subjects can be made interesting and attractive by being presented in the clearest and sharpest of English. Take a specimen paragraph at random. "All the apparatus and phenomena of life may be included under the heads of *Nutrition, Motion, Sensation.* The three are possessed by all animals, but in a variety of ways. No two species have exactly the same mechanism and method of life. We must learn to distinguish between what is vital and what is only accessory. That only is essential to life which is common to all forms of life. Our brains, stomachs, livers, hands, and feet are luxuries. They are necessary to make us human, but not living beings. Half of our body is taken up with a complicated system of digestion; but the Amœba has neither mouth nor stomach. We have an elaborate apparatus of motion; the oyster can not stir an inch. *Nutrition, Motion, Sensation,* indicate three steps up the grade of life. Thus the first is the prominent function in the coral, which simply 'vegetates,' the powers of moving and feeling being very feeble. In the higher insect, as the Bee, there is great activity with low organs of nutrition. In the still higher mammal, as Man, there is less power of locomotion, though the most perfect nutritive system; but both functions are subordinate to Sensation, which is the crowning development."

Copies for examination with a view to introduction sent to teachers and school officers on receipt of the introduction price.

Catalogue and Descriptive Circulars of School and College Text-Books mailed free to any teacher or school officer on application.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR HISTORY CENTEN'L EXHIBITION

It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms to Agents.
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$10 TO $25 a day sure made by Agents selling our Chromos, Crayons, Picture & Chromo Cards. 125 samples, worth $5, sent, postpaid, for 85c. Illustrated Catalogue free. **J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON.** Estab'd 1830.

AGENTS If you want the best selling article in the world, and a solid gold patent lever watch as premium, write at once to BRIDE & CO., 767 Broadway, New York.

$39 Each week to Agents. Goods Staple. 10,000 testimonials received. Terms liberal. Particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS, and all Gov. Claims promptly obtained, or no fee. Nat. Gen. Ag'cy, Box 421, Washington, D.C.

LOOK 20 Best Selling articles in the World. One Sample **free,** and an order **good for $5 00.** ATKINSON & CO., 2 Clinton Place, N. Y.

FREE! **$1 Samples** for trial. Best article out. Profit 400 per cent. Agents make $70 per week. **If unemployed,** send stamp for pamphlet. J. R. RAY & CO., Chicago.

$500 A MONTH a certainty to any person selling our LETTER BOOK. No press, brush, or water used. Sample Book worth $3 00 sent free. Send stamp for circular.
EXCELSIOR CO., 17 Tribune Building, Chicago.

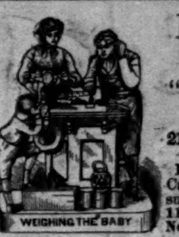
YES YES **We want** an Agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $8 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

$3 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample watch and outfit free to Agents.* For terms, address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

AGENTS, FOUR $10 Chromos FREE. J. M. MUNYON & CO., Phila., Pa.

$2 OUTFIT FREE. Best chance yet. Write at once to **COLLINS & CO.,** 2 Clinton Place, New York.

$55 TO $77 A Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



Rogers' Statuary

$10 and upward.

"WEIGHING THE BABY."

A New Group.

21 Inches High, Price $15.

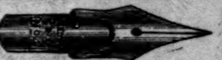
Inclose 10 cts. for Illustrated Catalogue and prints of lawn subjects, to **JOHN ROGERS, 1155 Broadway, cor. 27th St., New York.**

A Home School and College.

S. CLEMENT'S HALL,

ELLICOTT CITY, Near Baltimore, Md.

This old established Grammar School has unusual advantages. The Schools of Letters and of Science of the College proper are now open. Every home comfort. Experienced professors. Graduates take high rank. For circular, address
CHARLES A. DE M. SPENCER, Ph.D., Head Master.



THE BEST GOLD PENS

Are manufactured by JOHN HOLLAND, No. 19 West Fourth St., Cincinnati. By a patent process he alloys pure gold so as to make it as elastic as Damascus Steel. **Prices as low as the old style.** Send for illustrated price list.
New York Agency, 100 Nassau Street.

CHRONICLES OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

From the time of his landing on Plymouth Rock to his visit to the Centennial. By Charles Holmes, M. D. Written in Chronicle Style, with 80 Original Illustrations by the author.

The Agent's golden opportunity! Nothing like it for years! Sells at sight! Write for Circulars, with 23 Sample Illustrations, copious extracts, terms, etc.; or, if you wish to secure choice of territory, send 50 cts. at once, for Elegantly Bound Prospectus of over 100 pages, and the other etceteras of an effective outfit. C. F. VENT, PUB'R,
88 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

AUTUMN BOOK-LIST.

I.

COLERIDGE'S ANCIENT MARINER. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. A magnificently illustrated and sumptuous volume. Folio, Cloth, $10 00.

II.

A LONG TIME AGO. A Novel. By META ORRED. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

III.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN SAINTS AND MIRACLES. *Not* AB UNO E SOCIETATE JESU. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

IV.

THE LAUREL BUSH. An Old-fashioned Love Story. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

V.

DANIEL DERONDA. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT. Library Edition, 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Popular Edition in one volume, 8vo, Paper, $1 50.

VI.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC. A Review of American Progress. By Rev. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D.D., LL.D.; F. A. P. BARNARD, LL.D.; Hon. DAVID A. WELLS; Hon. FRANCIS A. WALKER; Prof. T. STERRY HUNT; Prof. WILLIAM G. SUMNER; EDWARD ATKINSON; Prof. THEODORE GILL; EDWIN P. WHIPPLE; Prof. W. H. BREWER; EUGENE LAWRENCE; The Rev. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.; BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT; AUSTIN FLINT, M.D.; S. S. CONANT; EDWARD H. KNIGHT; and CHARLES L. BRACE. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Morocco, $7 25.

VII.

THE TWO DESTINIES. A Romance. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Moonstone," "Man and Wife," "Armadale," &c., &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

VIII.

EUGENE LAWRENCE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES. Historical Studies. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. Containing the following Essays: The Bishops of Rome.—Leo and Luther.—Loyola and the Jesuits.—Ecumenical Councils.—The Vaudois.—The Huguenots.—The Church of Jerusalem.—Dominic and the Inquisition.—The Conquest of Ireland.—The Greek Church. 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $3 00.

IX.

PHŒBE, JUNIOR. A Last Chronicle of Carlingford. By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Ombra," "Squire Arden," "The Story of Valentine and his Brother," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

X.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE. Book I. History of Japan, from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D. Book II. Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870-1874. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, A.M., late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

XI.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "Poor Humanity," "Second-Cousin Sarah," "True to Herself," "Her Face was Her Fortune," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

XII.

YOUNG FOLKS' CENTENNIAL RHYMES. By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

XIII.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER. A Woodland Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Cradock Nowell," "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," "Lorna Doone," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail or express, postage or freight prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

BIG PAY To sell our RUBBER PRINTING STAMPS. Terms free. Taylor & Co., Cleveland, O.

$200 A Month. Outfit worth $1 free to Agents. Excel. Mfg. Co., 151 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LOVE AND MONEY. Great secrets sent free by THE UNION PUBLISHING CO., Newark, N. J.